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PLAYBILL

October means many of us have gone back to school (or are having nightmares about when we used to). Livers are tested. Grades are earned (or unearned, if your Adderall dealer is around). Boys and girls are forged into men and women through the time-tested tradition of sticking thousands of them in one place to make unsupervised decisions. Of course there are other ways to get an education. Any working stiff or holder of a useless B.A. will identify with **Will Butler's** *Reboot Camp*, which follows five ordinary people as they uproot themselves to San Francisco and throw \$12,200 each into a nine-week computer-programming course. Can they go from zero to \$100,000? More important, could you? Prolific artist **David Plunkert** provides a totalitarian air with his illustration.

Naturally, the downside of getting rich is that you could become a douchebag. **Christopher Tennant** provides a taxonomy of that particular species in *Sprechen Sie Douche?*, in which breeds from the Celebridouche (hello, Dr. Oz) to the Urban Doucheois and his NPR tote are pinpointed. Then there are those who play douches on TV but aren't douches in real life.

Rob Corddry, who has fun being "creepy but acceptable," explains in *20Q* how he makes a show called *Childrens Hospital* funny and always ends up butt-naked in front of his friends. Film director **David Fincher** is the master of strange, intense movies, and in the *Playboy Interview* he explains what creeps him out and what to expect from his much-anticipated *Gone Girl*. This year's College Fiction Contest yields another sterling work from a young talent.

Nolan Turner's surreal, magic realism meets American Gothic *Something Ancient Welling Up* is a rib-sticking, head-turning delight. Accompanying it is an equally precocious illustration by student **Daniel Zender**. India has long beckoned as a land where millions flock to find new meaning in life. For some, that means a 2,200-mile, death-defying trek along one of the nation's most perilous highways in a half-broken rickshaw, accompanied by hundreds of the least sober adventure-seekers in the world. In *Across India on Three Wheels*, **Scott Yorko** embarks on the half-baked race and makes it back in one piece. And what would October be without *Playboy's Top Party Schools*, our annual rundown of academia's greatest bastions of booze? Or our look at alluring coeds in *Girls of the ACC*, photographed by **Jared Ryder**? Here's to our enduring vigilance against douchebags, complacency, false promises and boring lives. Just think of us as you dust off that toga.



Christopher Tennant



Will Butler



David Fincher



Nolan Turner



David Plunkert



Rob Corddry



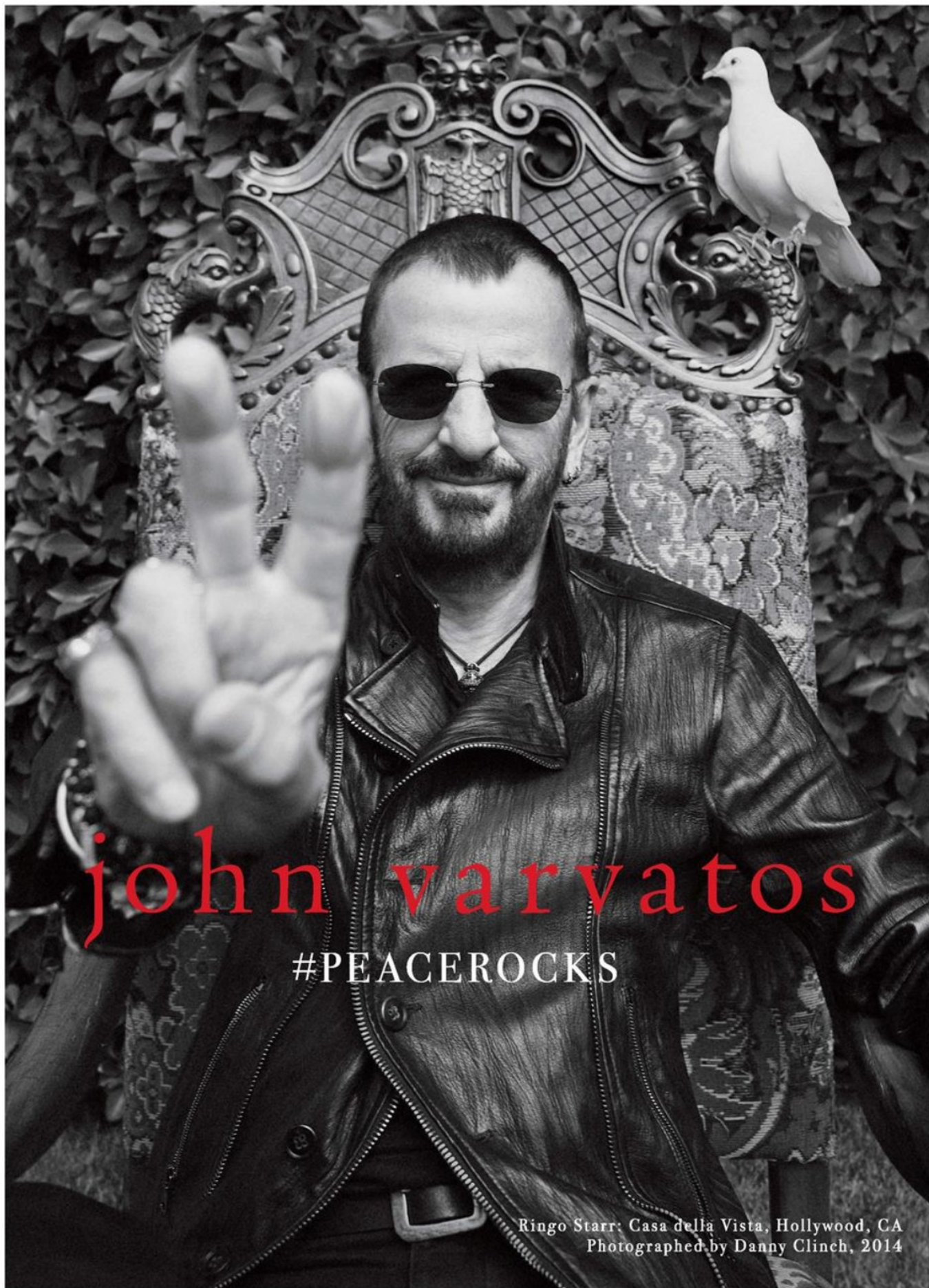
Daniel Zender



Scott Yorko



Jared Ryder



john varvatos

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Ringo Starr: Casa della Vista, Hollywood, CA
Photographed by Danny Clinch, 2014

PLAYBOY

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roots out what drives one of America's strangest, darkest and best film directors.

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ERIC SPITZNAGEL finds out why portraying a lovable creep comes naturally to the comedic actor.

PHOTOGRAPHY, THIS PAGE AND COVER, BY JARED RYDER

GIRLS
of the
ACC 110



COVER STORY

If all coeds were as alluring as Miss June 2013 Audrey Aleen Allen, no one would ever want to graduate. The letterman jacket looks so good, our Rabbit is going to try out for varsity.

PLAYBOY

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20Q: Rob Corddry

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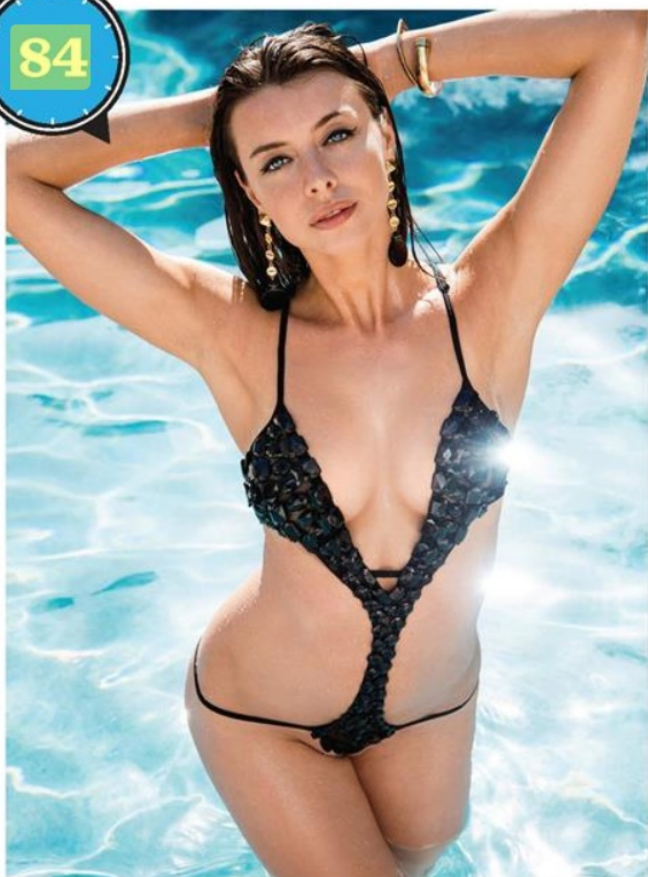
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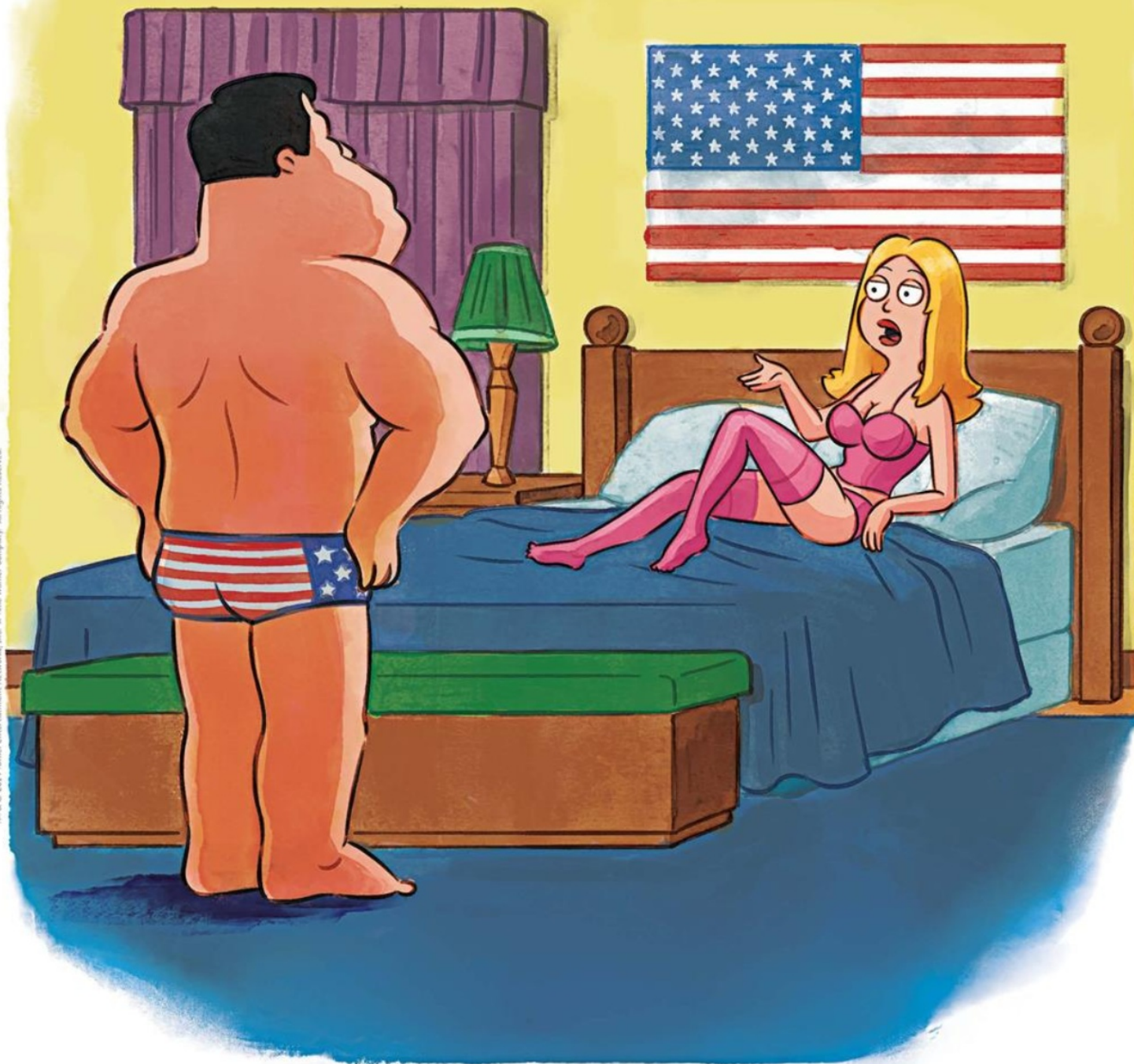
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HILARY WINSTON stands up for her right to own as many useless objects as she damn well pleases.

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PROMOTION



"I told you, I'm not pledging allegiance to it."

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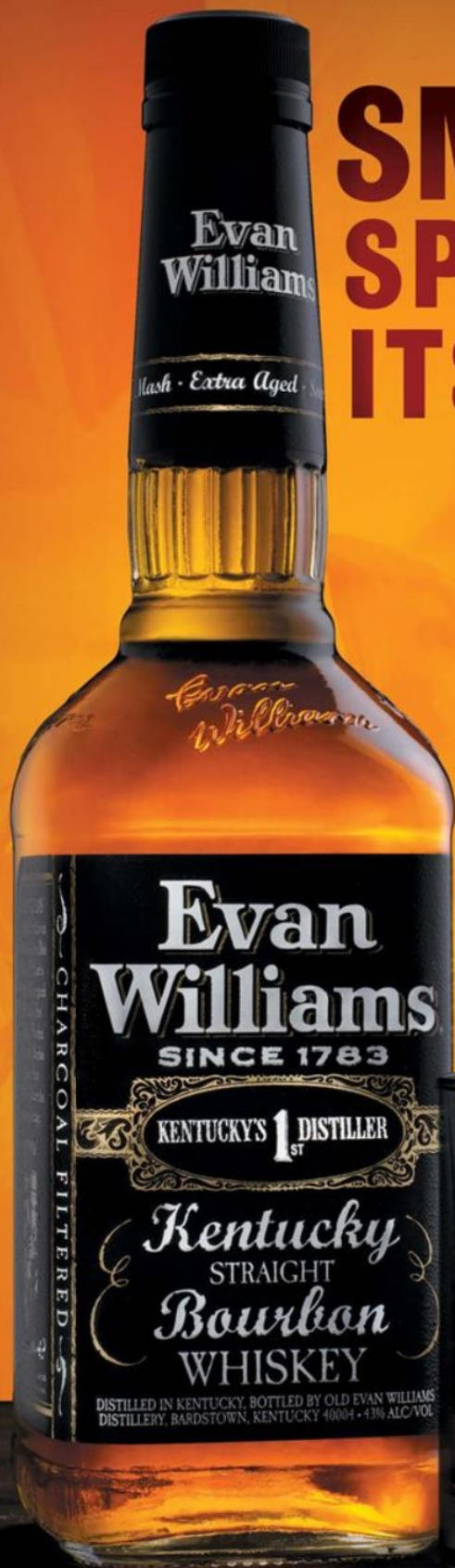
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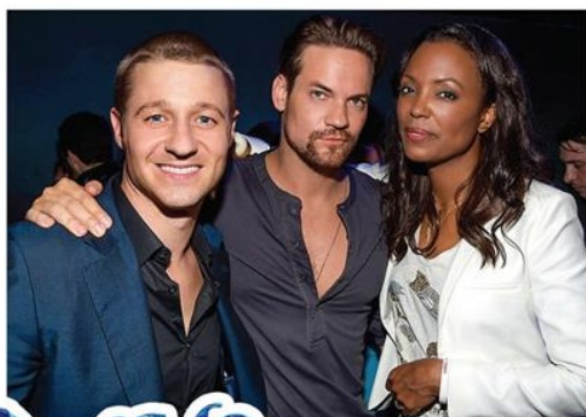


THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS,
MANSION FROLICS
AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

STARS CHECK IN TO BATES MOTEL PARTY

To cap off a day of booth hopping and autograph signing, we teamed with A&E to transform a 40,000-square-foot space into the Bates Motel for a Friday soiree at San Diego's Comic-Con. There was a taxidermy lounge, a marijuana-field maze and a blue neon Rabbit Head to echo the motel's iconic signage. Attendees included *Bates Motel* stars Freddie Highmore and Vera Farmiga, along with Ben McKenzie, Shane West, Aisha Tyler, Seth Meyers, Nina Dobrev, Cooper Hefner, Scarlett Byrne and, of course, many Playmates. Actor Orlando Bloom was one of four people to secure a donation to a charity of their choice when he successfully kick-started a Triumph Scrambler Custom.



PRO TRIALS CYCLIST DROPS BY MANSION

While in Los Angeles to support his new film *Epecuén*, trials bicycle rider Danny MacAskill tested the terrain at the Playboy Mansion. He told his sponsor Red Bull about the toughest obstacles: "It turned out there were some decent bits to ride, but it was quite hard with all those girls distracting me."



THE MOMMY NEXT DOOR

Kendra Wilkinson paid a visit to the Mansion to introduce Hef to her brand-new baby girl, Alijah Mary. Kendra reports four-year-old Hank IV is a proud big brother.

COLORADO, CANNABIS AND CASH

After reading *Chronic Insecurity* (July/August), I have one suggestion: I'm not a financial expert, nor do I play one on Fox News, but perhaps a state-run banking system would solve the money problem for marijuana businesses. Just model it after the system in North Dakota, which was unaffected by the housing bubble. All that money in a state banking system could do a whole lot of good for Colorado. Screw the Federal Reserve.

Joe Mallik

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

We asked Michael Elliott, executive director of the Marijuana Industry Group in Denver, for a response: "In May, Colorado essentially passed a bill that would do just that. The problem is that federal law governs all banks, including state-chartered banks, credit unions and banking co-ops. Licensed cannabis businesses need to be able to process credit and debit cards and hold checking accounts. In order to get those services, a bank would need the Federal Reserve's permission to access the Automated Clearing House, which handles electronic transactions. Some dispensaries in Colorado are in the process of setting up a credit union or co-op, and they will soon ask the Federal Reserve for ACH access. The Federal Reserve will likely deny them access, but who knows? This industry has defied the odds many times before."

CULTURE CLUB

The club-kid scene Rachel R. White depicts in *Rave New World* (July/August) is a jaw-dropping wasteland of self-absorbed übernarcissists. White's profile confirmed for me that if I ever visit Los Angeles, I'll need a spacesuit to deal with the alien population.

Howard Turner
Tulsa, Oklahoma

WE'RE NOT SORRY EITHER

I have been enjoying *PLAYBOY* since the mid-1970s, and I would like to say I am not even remotely sorry for having read Gilbert Gottfried's *The Apology Epidemic* (July/August). It is one of your best articles ever.

Barry Ahlbrandt
Oak Point, Texas

RESPECT THINE ELDERS

I know a comedian's personal life is fodder for jokes, but at what cost to his or her loved ones? I was disappointed by Marc Maron's flippant response to outing his father as bipolar (20Q, July/August). "To him it was a betrayal," Maron says. "Being incredibly self-centered and slightly delusional, he took it very personally and thought he had been outed in some way." Perhaps Maron's father, who is not a public figure, didn't want thousands—perhaps millions—of strangers to know he has a mental illness because he considers it a private matter. Did Maron bother to ask

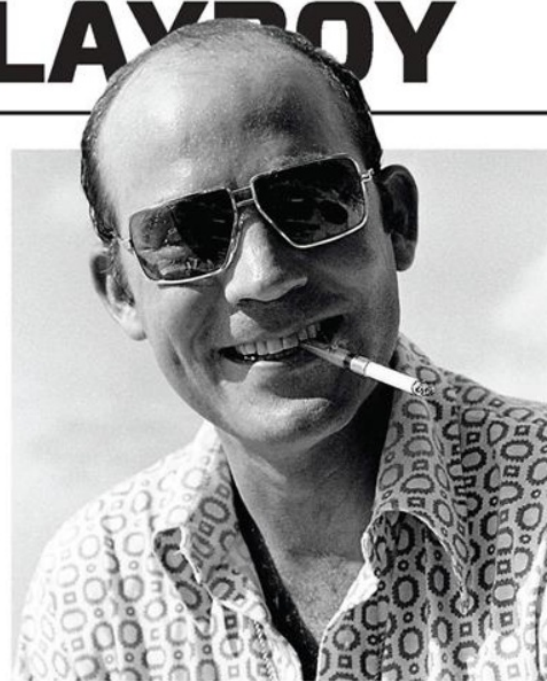
DEAR PLAYBOY

The Real Hunter S. Thompson Revealed

Thank goodness Craig Vetter's memories have stayed intact, despite the passage of time—and the occasional indulgence in illegal substances (*Surviving Hunter S. Thompson*, July/August). *PLAYBOY* deserves props not only for running Vetter's remembrances but also for being one of the first publications to recognize Thompson's genius. Thompson is one of my favorite authors, and reading about his exploits made me wistful about the loss of such a distinct talent. If only the gonzo legend could have survived himself.

Robert Williams
Houston, Texas

Craig Vetter must have the constitution of a bull elephant. Keeping up with Hunter S. Thompson on binge-a-thon romps over more than a decade would kill a lesser man. It finally did kill Thompson, by his own hand and perhaps on his own terms. It's hard to believe someone



could live as he did and survive. The 1960s and 1970s were indeed a different time, filled with sex, drugs and rebellion. Thompson was the embodiment of that era: a legendary figure who lived it. Vetter's piece gives a face to the legend, and it turns out it wasn't a legend at all.

Emil Torquay
San Francisco, California

his father's permission before pulling his skeletons out of the closet? I'd tell Maron to grow up, but since he's 50 years old, I think it might be too late.

Joseph Lewis
Jersey City, New Jersey

UP HILL, DOWN HILL

High-five for the *Playboy Interview* with Jonah Hill (June). I can't decide if I have a crush on him or if he's filling a void left by Philip Seymour Hoffman's death. Maybe both. Hill has serious range and depth. I hope it's only a matter of time before we see him as the sole lead in a film. Hill reveals himself as a humble man, and that's incredibly charming. I can't wait for 23 Jump Street.

Jennifer Parsons
Oxford, Mississippi

I applaud Jonah Hill for calling out David Hochman for asking about his weight. Hill is a talented actor and a funny guy, and his size has no bearing on either of those qualities. Our culture's obsession with thinness, especially in the entertainment industry, is ridiculous. His pants size has nothing to do with how well he acts. Let's all start caring a little less about a complete stranger's weight and a little more about...oh, I don't know, anything else.

Angie Dingman
Los Angeles, California

Get your act together with the *Playboy Interview*. Stan Lee's (April) is well deserved, long overdue and wonderful. But other recent interview subjects are on the order of Jonah Hill. No one gives a flying drone about a minor Hollywood celebrity who has no value, much less clout. *PLAYBOY* used to interview people such as James Baldwin, Muhammad Ali, Jimmy Carter and Vladimir Nabokov. What happened?

Chip Elliot
Columbus, Ohio

We're glad you appreciate the interview's grand tradition and are happy to remind you that our lineup has recently included Nobel Prize winner Paul Krugman, scientist Richard Dawkins, Chinese dissident Ai Weiwei, Senator Bernie Sanders and New York City Police Commissioner Ray Kelly.

DO GO ON

Does *PLAYBOY* have a new art director? The pictorials and overall layout of the magazine have been absolutely incredible lately. You're knocking it out of the park month after month. Each issue is like a work of art, and I can't bear to throw my copies away. Thanks for your hard work and for continuing to create an iconic magazine. The only way I'll ever stop subscribing is if you stop publishing.

Grant Catton
Indianapolis, Indiana

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I maintain that a good magazine can be judged first by its features, which I read from front to back, and then by its ads, which I view from the back to the front. For *PLAYBOY*, there is a third element: I go through each issue again, this time with a six-inch-wide magnifying glass expressly to view the gorgeous women. The models suddenly seem to jump off the page in a most pleasing manner. This, combined with the superb photography and the professional excellence of the printing, makes reading *PLAYBOY* a pleasure to savor. Hell, I even get to admire the beautiful models in the back-of-the-magazine advertisements.

Sumerinder Singh Mangat
San Francisco, California

MOTIVATIONAL MATERIAL

Thank you for your pictorial of Miss July Emily Agnes. The beautiful Brit would improve any office. Tony Kelly's photos are stellar, especially the image in which Emily dangles nearly nude from the Playboy sign, wearing only climbing gloves and red heels. I'm going to use the photo to replace my "Hang in there!" kitten poster—Emily provides much better motivation.

Jacob Andersen
Minneapolis, Minnesota

LESSONS FROM URUGUAY

I enjoyed reading Sean Manning's firsthand account of the Uruguayan horse races (*They Call It El Raid*, May), which was almost anthropological in its dissection of the sport's energetic culture. I was surprised to read how progressive the country is, with legalized marijuana and gay marriage and mandatory voting, despite the average income being only \$13,000. Considering those circumstances, and even though there are only a few horse-race winners each year, the Uruguayan people seem to be having a lot of fun with what they've been given. Americans could learn a thing or two.

Patty Holtz
Astoria, New York

EXTREME PRAISE

Thank you for publishing Don Winslow's story *Extreme* (May, June, July/August). When my July/August issue arrived, I went straight to the third installment in the series. I can't wait for the movie.

Mark Judah
Louisville, Kentucky

Read all three parts. Fingers gripping my seat. Eyes glued to the page. (Paige?) Tense. Incredible. What a story. What an adventure.

Abel Horwitz
Los Angeles, California

BAD NEIGHBOR

I am thoroughly disgusted that "Good Neighbors" (*Men*, June) was deemed fit to print. To recap, Joel Stein blames

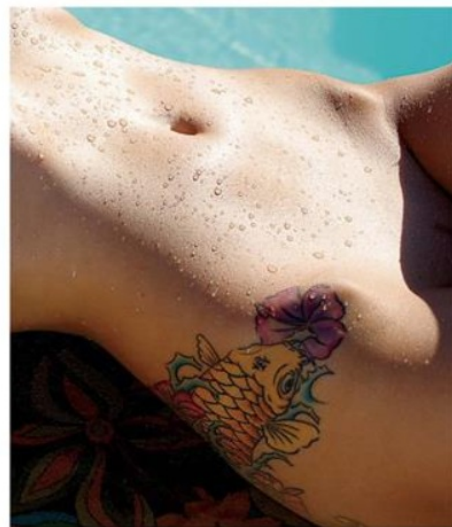
manipulative women for causing and perpetuating battles between neighbors. Men are powerless to refuse to engage in the insane behavior demanded of them because otherwise women would withhold sex. It seems to me that Stein struggles to get along with his neighbors because his attitudes are better suited to a guy living in the next cave rather than a modern domicile.

Lukas Miknaitis
Wellington, New Zealand

BOND GALORE

I was impressed with Kevin West's text and Taryn Simon's artwork in *Birds of the West Indies* (July/August). It is the kind of high-caliber, total-package deal—beautiful women, sophistication, cutting-edge art, worldly ideas—I have come to expect from *PLAYBOY*. I especially enjoyed Simon's photos of the Bond girls as they are today. Keep up the good work.

John Hill
Tucson, Arizona



Can ink be a work of art? We think so.

A MORE NATURAL AU NATUREL

As a woman and an avid reader of *PLAYBOY*, I find it surprising that some of your models have tattoos. Ladies, you were born with a perfectly pleasing piece of art. By all means, share it with us, but leave it unadorned.

Rachel Herron
Park Ridge, New Jersey

GARY, SO CONTRARY

The *Playboy Interview* with Gary Oldman (July/August) is one of the most candid I have ever read in your magazine. Even though I disagree with how he states his opinions, I found his comments to be refreshing, especially those on Mel Gibson, Alec Baldwin and how we have become too politically correct.

Andrew Bejarano
Las Cruces, New Mexico





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Afterhours

- OCTOBER -
2014

BECOMING ATTRACTION

JENA SIMS

• "MEN ARE intimidated by me," says Jena Sims, the sultry Southern-born actress who bares all in the political thriller *Kill the Messenger*. Chalk it up to her résumé. A former beauty queen, Jena has also made it as a country music video babe for Luke Bryan, flaunting a killer body. ("My ass is something I'm proud of.") The best news? "I'm not afraid to pick up a guy," says Jena, "but I expect to be treated well."



MILLIONAIRE MATCHMAKER

BRIGHT LIGHTS, LOADS OF CASH AND A PLAN TO TURN CHESS INTO THE NEXT BIG THING

The next high roller you see in Las Vegas could be a professional chess player. That's the goal of Maurice Ashley, who broke the chess color barrier in 1999 by becoming the first African American grandmaster. He had set out to conquer the chess world when reality set in.

"I was looking for fame and fortune to follow," says Ashley, "but because it was chess, there weren't as many venues as the ones Tiger Woods had to play in, such as the Masters and the U.S. Open."

While Woods raked in more than \$12 million last year on golf alone, the majority of chess grandmasters (just 1,400 or so worldwide) make a comparative pittance. Ashley estimates that only about one percent of grandmasters can make a living on tournament earnings. One of the most lucrative tournaments in the U.S., the World Open, awards its champion only \$30,000 or less. Ashley claims he never earned more than \$10,000 in a single year on play alone, and supplemental income from coaching and teaching celebrity clients such as Will Smith could add \$90,000. "In chess you can win a tournament ahead of a slew of grandmasters, defeat some of the world's best and walk away with a little over your expenses," he says.

Now retired from competitive play, Ashley hopes to inject some glamour—and cash—into the 1,500-year-old sport. That's the impetus behind the Millionaire Chess Open, scheduled to take place October 9 to 13 at the Planet

Hollywood Resort and Casino in Las Vegas, where competitors will face off for \$1 million in cash prizes—a first for chess. The champion takes home \$100,000, and subsequent section winners net sums as high as \$40,000. It's not World Series of Poker money, but it's a start.

Ashley organized the event with the help of millionaire entrepreneur Amy Lee. "In Chinese we have a saying that it is an advantage to be the first one to drink the soup. It's exciting to do something that has never been done before," Lee says. (In the absence of a sponsor, she's vouching for the entire prize fund.) Ashley hopes the higher payouts will help legitimize the sport and keep its up-and-coming stars in the game. "I've watched so many youngsters—talented, amazing, future Bobby Fischers—quit chess because they know there's no money in it," he says.

Ironically, the open's main issue so far has been talking already cash-strapped chess players into ponying up higher than normal entry fees: \$1,000 to \$2,000, depending on when they sign up (compared with the \$300 to \$350 entry fee for tournaments such as the World Open). "Even given a million-dollar payout, players are not yet used to the idea of paying more," acknowledges Lee.

Although only about eight percent of the projected 1,500 competitors had entered by mid-July, Ashley remains bullish on the Millionaire Chess Open concept. "This is for the endgame," he says. Spoken like a true chess master.—Will Levith

FOUL PLAYERS

FEMALE COMEDIANS ARE FILTHIER AND FUNNIER THAN EVER. DEAL WITH IT

When Christopher Hitchens wrote his infamous essay "Why Women Aren't Funny," he resurrected a worn-out and false assumption. But the ever divisive intellectual did have a point: Women have historically shied away from filthy humor. This was in 2007 B.B. (before *Bridesmaids*), however, when the world had not yet witnessed Kristen Wiig and crew hilariously destroy designer dresses with a food-poisoning-induced spray of bodily fluids. Since then, a surge of women comedians have flushed this theory into the past. Ladies are filthy and funny, and here is the proof.—Nora O'Donnell



Kate Micucci and Riki Lindhome

Garfunkel and Oates

→ Comedy folk duo Garfunkel and Oates rose to internet fame with web videos such as "The Loophole," a song

about Christian girls who save themselves for marriage by having anal sex. Some lyrics: "I've emptied my bowels

and laid out the towels." It landed them a show on IFC and the ire of chaste Christian ladies everywhere.



Melissa McCarthy

Tammy

→ McCarthy has become Hollywood's go-to performer for gross-out humor. Fired from her fast-food job in the opening of *Tammy*, McCarthy throws a frantic—and funny—tantrum, wiping spit on all the burgers. It's our drive-through nightmare.



Jenny Slate

Obvious Child

→ In this whip-smart indie comedy, former *SNL* cast member Slate plays Donna, a stand-up comedian coping with an unplanned pregnancy. Following a one-night stand, Donna discovers her "cream cheese" panties stuck under her lover's head.



Ilana Glazer and Abbi Jacobson

Broad City

→ Amy Poehler, a fan of Glazer (pictured) and Jacobson's web series, helped the duo land a show on Comedy Central. Our favorite moment: When

Glazer's character pulls a bag of pot from her vagina and explains to a horrified Jacobson that a woman's hoo-ha is "nature's pocket. It's responsible."



↓
Amy Schumer:
filthy jokester
for the benefit of
humankind.

Amy Schumer

Inside Amy Schumer

→ Stand-up comedian Amy Schumer is the reigning queen of raunch, especially when lampooning society's double standards on her Comedy Central show. Best sketches include "Lunch at O'Nutters," a male version of Hooters, and "Sex Tips," a riff on the outrageous sex advice in women's magazines: "Take a pumice stone and gently grate it up and down his shaft."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOJACK HORSEMAN

PLAYBOY: Who is BoJack Horseman? I mean, who really is he? What are his hopes and dreams? Where did it go right? Where did it go wrong? And how does he get it all back?

BOJACK: Wow, that's a lot of questions. I didn't realize when I agreed to this interview that I would have to answer so many questions, just in the first question. Also, I kind of assumed this interview would have snacks. Can we get, like, a cheese plate or something? I haven't eaten all day. Okay, that's a lie. I had a Croissan'wich on the way here. Okay, I had a Croissan'wich, and then I was still hungry, so I went back and got another Croissan'wich. Please don't put in the interview that I had multiple Croissan'wiches. Just say, "BoJack was eating a salad when I interviewed him. And also, he wasn't drunk."

PLAYBOY: There's the old Hollywood saying that one should never work with animals or children. And here we have an animal working with children. It seems

kind of messed up, frankly. Take me behind the scenes. What were the kids like?

BOJACK: Loud. Sassy. Oily. Very oily, if I recall correctly.

PLAYBOY: You have been out of the lime-light for a while. Why write a memoir? Does anybody really care about a has-been horse who drinks too much?

BOJACK: People are constantly telling me I should write a memoir. Usually it's when they're sitting next to me on an airplane and it's a sarcastic way of saying "Stop talking to me about your life," but still, I think the demand is there.

PLAYBOY: That said, when you were on top, were you killing it with the ladies? Take us back there.

BOJACK: Ha-ha, no comment—he said handsomely. Can you put in that I was handsome when I said that? Do, "No comment, comma, he said handsomely." I don't want to write your article for you, but I feel like it's important that the reader knows I was saying it as a handsome guy, otherwise it won't make sense.

Like, the joke is that I'm being demure, but you can tell just by looking at me that I obviously got mad trim. Do people still say "trim"? It felt weird when I said it just now. Maybe don't include the part where I said "trim." Just say, "BoJack smiled, a glint in his eye, and I could tell that he was a cool handsome guy that ladies enjoy having sex with." And then maybe put, like, a wink smiley face. You know, for the young people. Hashtag, I am handsome.

PLAYBOY: What makes BoJack happy now?

BOJACK: This is going to sound corny and sentimental, but I actually love watching old episodes of *Horsin' Around* while coked out of my skull.

PLAYBOY: Have you had to downsize your life? Tell me about the money and where it all went.

BOJACK: Actually, in that last answer, can you change "while coked out of my skull" to "with friends"? Make sure you put "friends," plural, so people know I have multiple friends.



"I kind of assumed this interview would have snacks. Can we get, like, a cheese plate or something?"



"You can tell just by looking at me that I obviously got mad trim. Do people still say 'trim'? It felt weird when I said it just now."



"Mr. Ed's career never really recovered after he killed that hooker."



BoJack and Playboy Bunnies sharing laughs and cocktails in the legendary Playboy Mansion Grotto.

PLAYBOY: What was the theme song from *Horsin' Around*? Sing it to me.

BOJACK: No, I'm not your monkey. I am a horse. If you want to hear the theme song, you can buy the DVDs like everybody else. I need those residual checks to pay for my ludes. Uh, actual-

*To be honest,
that whole year
is a blur to me.
It was 2011.*

ly don't print that I said the thing about the ludes. Instead of the ludes thing, just say, "BoJack smiled that \$100,000 smile of his"—no, "\$1 million smile"—no, "\$2 million smile."

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a point when you thought, What's the point? Did you get help?

BOJACK: Jesus, how many questions you got there? Can I at least get some more ice for this gin? And more gin? Actually, hold the ice. Hello? *Garçon*? Anybody? I gotta say, the Four Seasons has really let itself go. More like the Three Seasons... he said hilariously. Put down that I said it

hilariously, so the reader knows my joke was hilarious.

PLAYBOY: What has the historic treatment been of horses in the film industry? Can you give me a brief history of the ups and downs?

BOJACK: Well, things haven't always been great. Mr. Ed's career never really recovered after he killed that hooker. But actually, now that I'm saying it out loud, that might not have been because he was a horse.

PLAYBOY: What is your way back? Are you waiting for a big-shot director to call and rescue your career?

BOJACK: There are a lot of great directors I'd love to work with. I'd love to do something with Ang Lee, but he's had it out for me ever since I threw up on his kid in a bouncy castle. Now that I'm thinking about it, why was I even in that bouncy castle? To be honest, that whole year is a blur to me. It was 2011.

PLAYBOY: Can you make a comeback?

BOJACK: Comeback? In the words of LL Cool J, "I'm going back to Cali."

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you have a good reputation in the industry? What would your co-stars say about you?

BOJACK: How should I know? Those guys are all dicks anyway. Actually, please don't print that I said all my co-stars are dicks. Actually, maybe don't print this whole interview.

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BOJACK HORSEMAN

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DAN HARMON

THE *COMMUNITY* CREATOR ON
BREAKING IN AND OUT OF HOLLYWOOD

• The turbulent journey of Dan Harmon, creator of NBC's critically acclaimed comedy *Community*, went something like this: He was fired, rehired and canceled, and miraculously escaped with his show, which will now run on internet channel Yahoo Screen. "There are multiple paths to Mount Olympus, with CBS at the top and some teenage girl's Tumblr blog at the bottom," he says. Along the way the combative creative took his hilarious and confessional podcast *Harmontown* on the road, with a documentary film crew in tow. The result, in theaters this month, is an intriguing look at a genius on his own path. —Nora O'Donnell

PLAYBOY: *There's a deep understanding between you and your Harmontown fans. Where does that come from?*

HARMON: It's a full-acceptance relationship. There's a high value on transparency and honesty. My fans want to believe there is a world where we're not so ashamed of ourselves, where society isn't like a game of poker but more like a game of Twister or darts.

PLAYBOY: *You were depressed when Community was canceled. Is that all in the past now?*

HARMON: I can't tell if my bucket labeled "emotional well-being" is really big or if it's just bottomless. In either case, I'm definitely driven to being confessionally self-loathing.

PLAYBOY: *Do you need to be self-deprecating to be funny?*

HARMON: That's a cowardly move. We shoot ourselves because we're afraid of getting shot. It's not being told you're fat, it's being told

you're fat before you called yourself fat. I would rather walk around with a sign on my head that says I'm fat. That takes it off the menu for any assailants.

PLAYBOY: *How will Community be different on Yahoo?*

HARMON: I see an increased potential for clever integration between how audiences view it, but I really want to ground the show. When people watch it on Yahoo, I want them to say, "The network version of this show was a caterpillar. This is the butterfly." It doesn't feel like it's changed. It has just evolved into what it was supposed to be all this time.

PLAYBOY: *What do you geek out about?*

HARMON: *Minecraft.* Me and a bunch of 10-year-olds are excited about this game. I've been playing it since 2011. It's like knitting for me. It's something I truly obsess over. I make these worlds in *Minecraft*. It's weird because I'm a grown man and I have a house. I could just build a shelf, and wouldn't that be more satisfying? I'll just sit and build a fake shelf on my laptop.



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The new fragrance for him

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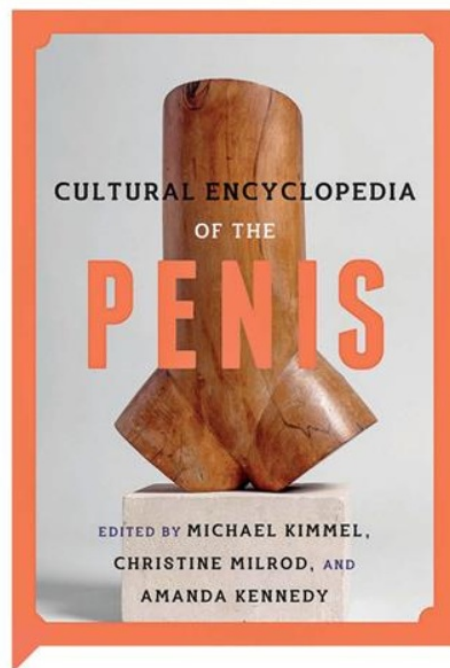
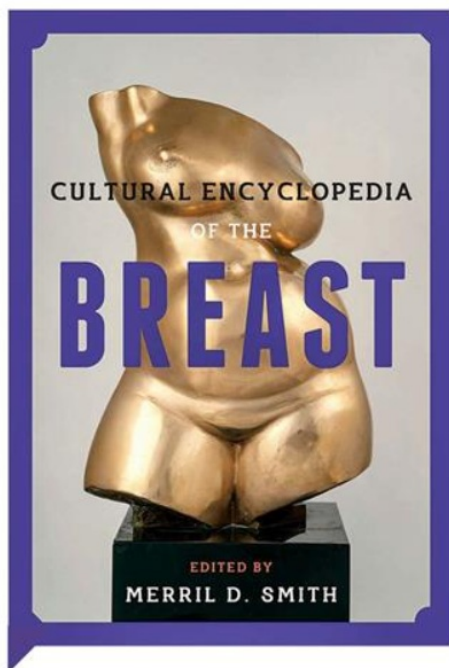
INVICTUS

SEPHORA AND SEPHORA.COM

BARE FACTS

TWO NEW BOOKS EXPOSE THE NAKED TRUTHS ABOUT OUR BODIES

• Readers of this magazine may be forgiven for thinking they know a thing or two about body parts. But with two new volumes, *Cultural Encyclopedia of the Breast* and its companion, *Cultural Encyclopedia of the Penis*, publisher Rowman & Littlefield shows there's always more to discover. From the "divorce corset" (an early-1800s device to lift and separate) to "magical penis theft" (the superstition that a man could lose his member to witchcraft), we're not ashamed to admit we learned quite a bit. Here are some more of our favorite facts gleaned from the books.—Cat Auer



	SEX	• Sensations from the nipples are transmitted to the same region of the brain as those from the clitoris, cervix and vagina; arousal from nipple stimulation is enough to cause orgasm in some women.	• Inmates in Thai prisons commonly practice <i>fang muk</i> (which means "to bury a pearl"), in which they implant up to seven pea-size glass beads beneath their foreskin. The purpose? To increase a partner's pleasure during sex.
	SIZE	• The left breast tends to be about 40 milliliters larger than the right; the average breast weighs one pound.	• The harvest mouse's penis measures more than half its body length.
	GOOD OLD TIMES	• Two-hundred-year-old slang for breasts: apple-dumpling shops, cat-heads, dairy, diddleys, kettledrums.	• Egyptian hieroglyphics depict, among other hardships, erectile dysfunction.
	CULTURE SHOCK	• In some cultures in Africa and Papua New Guinea, a woman's saggy breasts are "indicative of beauty, fertility and wisdom."	• Advanced practitioners of <i>shih-shui</i>, a Chinese healing art, can swing 250-pound weights suspended from their penis and testicles.
	ART SHOW	• Bodiless boobs decorate everything from Iron Age vases found in Germany to the walls of a Neolithic religious shrine in Turkey.	• In the art of ancient Rome, winged, disembodied penises are a common motif.
	DANGER!	• "In extreme cases, some women's breasts have been known to smother their partners to death."	• Erotic asphyxiation gone wrong leads to as many as 1,200 deaths a year in the U.S.

CALIFORNIA DREAMING



→ Photographer and PLAYBOY contributor Sasha Eisenman's new book, *California Girls* (\$50, damianeditore.com), explores one of our favorite subjects. Eisenman spent six years photographing women he met at beaches and backyard parties who he felt captured the spirit of the Golden State. The 240-page book and its subjects are a fine body of work.

NOT JUST
ANY DATA

Día de los Muertos

Put a little life in your Día de los Muertos this year as Raquel Pomplun, Playmate of the Year 2013, offers up the magic elixir guaranteed to stir even the stodgiest skeleton. This month Playboy unlocks the crypt of knowledge with 10 facts we bet you never knew about the spookiest holiday ever celebrated by man... or ghost.

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3



number of days
Día de los Muertos is
actually celebrated.



IN 1930,

the unofficial icon of
Día de los Muertos,
La Calavera Catrina,
made her first public
appearance in a
print by artist José
Guadalupe Posada.



IN 2020,

the next Día de los
Muertos full moon
will occur.

14 full moons
have occurred on
Día de los Muertos
since 1900.

5 ingredients in
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2 parts
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Plata Tequila

1 part
orange liqueur1 part
sour mix1 part
limoncello1 dash of
orange juice1 American police
department logo
features a witch
(Salem, MA).62% of Halloween
costumes are
sold to adults.20,000 sugar
skulls sold annually at
the National Museum of
Mexican Art in Chicago.Most Jack-o'-lanterns
lit at the same time:

30,581

47.5% of American
homeowners will decorate their
home or yard for Halloween.

90,000,000

pounds of candy sold in the US
during Halloween week.

A MAN WITH A CAN

YES, THERE IS SUCH A THING AS PREMIUM PACKAGED TUNA. HERE'S HOW TO HACK THE CAN

• A tin of tuna can be an MRE for foodies (in college or otherwise). The first step to nearly instant culinary supremacy is to banish all traumatic memories of tuna casserole by buying Spanish or Italian brands packed in olive oil, or artisanal American brands packed by local canneries. The second step is to do something more clever than cooking a casserole. Here are our favorite brands and dorm-friendly tricks.



Ortiz

\$7

• In Spain, canned food is a high art. This brand's albacore is line caught.

Tonno Genova

\$3

• A moist, flavorful and affordable brand from Italy. Mix in salad.

Jalapeño American Tuna

\$5

• Sustainably sourced, this spicy and supertender tuna is ideal in a melt.

Photography by
PAUL SIRISALEE

TUNA IN



Max the Mac

→ The simple, salty pleasures of microwavable mac and cheese are tough to argue with, particularly after midnight on a weekend. Mix in a can of drained tuna and add hot sauce to taste to start killing your hangover in advance—or to put down a base so you can rally for another round.



Fry, Daddy

→ A single-skillet meal can be a beautiful thing. The trick is high heat applied intelligently to quality ingredients. Fire up a pan and add tuna packed in olive oil, a can of drained chickpeas, smoked paprika and a crushed clove of garlic. Cook until sublimely crisp and browned.

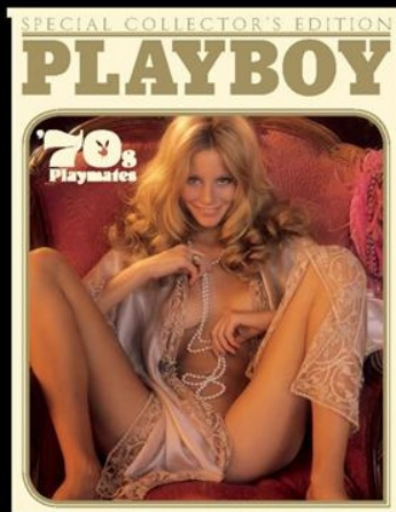


Iron, Man

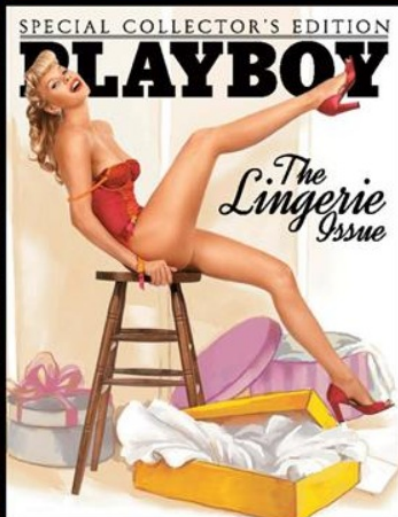
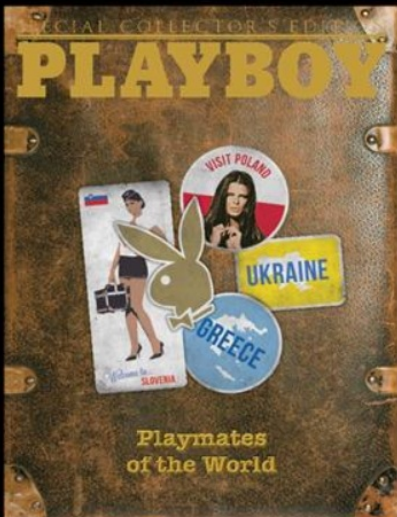
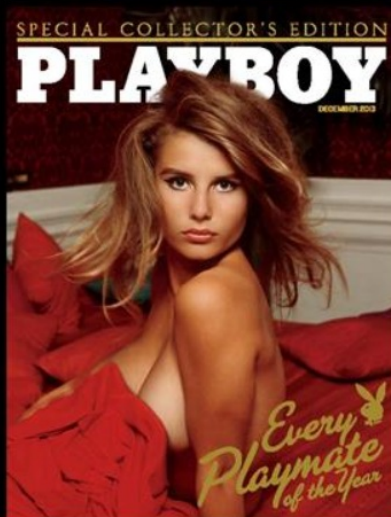
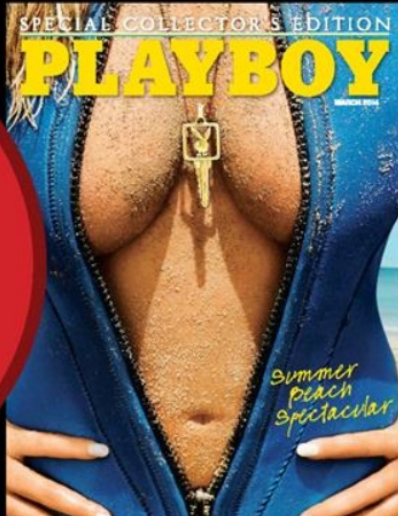
→ Dorm-bound students, don't be deterred by the lack of a stove. A hot clothes iron applied to a foil-wrapped tuna melt (with cheese and bread pilfered from the cafeteria) will yield diner-quality results. Don't tell the RA where you got the idea.

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ROSÉ RISING

IF YOU THINK DRINKING PINK IS UNMANLY, IT'S TIME TO REVISIT ROSÉ

For decades, cheap pink “white” zinfandels dominated the American wine market, sadly sullyng the reputation of rosé for most men. But with the top-quality versions available today, it's becoming hard to find a bad bottle. Typically made from red grapes whose juices have been left in contact with the skins just long enough to tint the wine, rosé has enough backbone to justify drinking it beyond summer. (FYI: Hemingway dug the Spanish stuff.) Here are three bottles that just might have you calling it brosé.



\$15

1. Saved Rosé, 2013

→ This delicious and dry California rosé comes from winemaker Clay Brock and tattoo artist Scott Campbell (Kanye and Robert Downey Jr. sport his ink). Campbell also designed the label.



\$15

2. Bastianich Rosato, 2012

→ Restaurateur and *MasterChef* judge Joe Bastianich is the man behind this refreshing, food-friendly wine from Italy's Friuli region. It has enough weight and tannin to appeal to red-wine drinkers.



\$23

3. Miraval Côtes de Provence Rosé, 2013

→ Rosé from France's Provence region is considered the benchmark in the category. Miraval's crisp and seductively aromatic version is one of the best.



PINK PONG

Play a vinous version of beer pong with wine glasses and rosé. Wine is three times stronger than beer, so keep your game short.





EVERY ARTICLE YOU'VE READ (AND EVERY ONE YOU PRETENDED TO)

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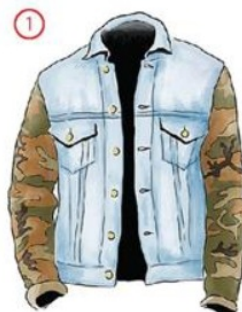


FULL-DENIM JACKET

WHETHER YOU'RE A COWBOY, A TRUCKER OR A ROCKER, THE DENIM JACKET IS ALWAYS IN STYLE

• There isn't a single type of man who hasn't claimed the denim jacket as his own: cowboys, of both the Western and urban varieties; construction workers; musicians from Neil Young to Robert Plant to Justin Timberlake to Pharrell to, hell, everybody. Affordable, rugged, adaptable—it's one of those forever pieces that's an instant heirloom. Levi's denim jacket (recently dubbed the trucker jacket by denim collectors and now the company) remains the classic example. If you don't have one already, start with a Levi's staple—the \$84 Gridlock is shown above—and build your ever more masculine collection from there.

GOOD JEANS



Go Camo

→ Camouflage sleeves and distressed denim make this jacket from Ralph Lauren Denim & Supply ready for the great outdoors.
Holt denim jacket, \$198, ralphlauren.com



Black Out

→ The dark black wash and Japanese selvedge denim make it easy to dress up this Jean Shop jacket with a white shirt and knit tie.
Denim jacket, \$320, mrporter.com



Fleece Treaty

→ Layer this fleece-collared classic from Lee with a sweater when the weather turns cool. Understated masculine cool.
Sherpa lined denim jacket, \$84, lee.com

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THE BRIT BIKE INVASION

STREET STYLE INSPIRED BY 1960S BRITISH MOTORCYCLE CULTURE IS REVVING UP. WELCOME TO A CAFÉ RACER REVIVAL

• If you've noticed dudes on vintage Nortons or low-slung Honda CBs tearing up the road in style, you can thank the motorcycle-obsessed rockers of 1960s London. These working-class gearheads were known for racing from café to café, which earned them the nickname café racers. Favoring stripped-down

bikes, trim leather jackets and rockabilly music, these riders spawned a look that's being revived by fashion brands both stateside and across the pond. Functional, classic and with a slight British accent, it's an aesthetic that still feels modern. To complete the look, a motorcycle is recommended but not required.



British bikers looking sharp on the road in the 1960s.



1



2



3



5



4

3. Specs Appeal

→ The Clubmaster Classic by Ray-Ban has a vintage midcentury vibe that will perfectly match your ride.

\$150, ray-ban.com

1. A Glove Supreme

→ Ventura, California-based Iron and Resin's riding gloves are double padded and made in America from deerskin.

\$72, ironandresin.com

4. Boot Up

→ A new collaboration between shoemaker Clarks and motorcycle brand Norton created this tough and technical biker boot.

\$300, clarksusa.com

2. Get Jacked

→ Pay homage to the café racer British biking heritage with Barbour's waxed cotton and leather Ursula Union Jack backpack.

\$269, barbour.com

5. Leather Underground

→ The Olivers Mount blouson jacket from British fashion house Belstaff is superstylish and meets European CE safety standards.

\$1,295, belstaff.com

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DTLA CONFIDENTIAL

THE DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES RENAISSANCE HAS ARRIVED. HERE'S HOW TO DIVE INTO THE CITY'S HOTTEST NEIGHBORHOOD

• Until recently, if you asked most Angelenos about downtown they would say it was on the verge of a renaissance—or so they'd heard, because they hadn't actually been there in years. But thanks

to a steady influx of new hotels, flagship stores and A-plus food and drink, the neighborhood perpetually on the brink (now rebranded DTLA, of course) has finally crossed into happeningness.

3 Reasons to Get Dressed

• Unlike L.A.'s beachier neighborhoods, downtown's un-flip-flop-friendly city streets have naturally attracted those who think outside the sweatpants. Follow Leonardo DiCaprio and Chris Pine to Apolis, a neighborhood-mainstay men's store and gallery space in the Arts District that sells gear designed in L.A. but manufactured around the world in the name of "advocacy through

industry." Buy Apolis's signature market bag before heading over to Swedish denizen of style Acne Studios. The ground-floor takeover of the Eastern Columbia Building, architect Claud Beelman's 1930 art deco exemplar, makes for Acne's largest store to date. The 5,000 square feet afford enough elbow room for men's and women's ready-to-wear, denim, bags, accessories and footwear, plus the satellite coffee shop of Stockholm's supercool Il Caffè.



1 The Coolest Crash Pad

• With palm trees and ocean breezes as competition, downtown has needed a stronger argument than "conveniently located only minutes away from the intersection of the 101, 110 and 5 freeways" to lure travelers to the city's urban center. Enter the **Ace Hotel (A)**. Opened earlier this year inside the historic 13-story **United Artists Building (B)**, the

first L.A. outpost of the boutique chain has it all: rooms smartly outfitted with modern comforts and retro details; day-into-night dining by way of L.A. Chapter (from the team behind Brooklyn's beloved Five Leaves and Nights and Weekends) on the ground floor; a rooftop bar that's jammed on weekends but breezy for a Friday afternoon



beer. Old Hollywood's infatuation with Spanish Gothic vibes is evident in the epic theater, where movie nights, rock concerts and performances have made the venue a must-do.

seen food heavies and street-eats darlings set up shop under its roof, including organic-farm-to-butcher-shop Belcampo Meat Co. (feel good about adding jowl bacon to its famous burger); **Eggslut (C)**, makers of mind-blowing (if not artery-clogging) breakfast sandwiches; and the neighborhood's first cheesemonger, **DTLA Cheese**. Around four p.m. it's time to act like a local and post up at **Blue Bottle Coffee (D, E)** in the Arts District for a New Orleans iced coffee. When this pioneer of the boutique bean came down from Oakland, it acquired hometown favorite Handsome Coffee Roasters, keeping the majority of the space, the roastery and all the employees intact. The only additions? Its logo and—finally—milk and sugar on the bar.

4 Night Moves

• In this neighborhood that insists on its beauty rest (depart cocktail bar by two a.m.; arrive at juice bar by eight a.m.), a new crop of restaurants, lounges and clubs is keeping revellers up past bedtime. Check opulent eating and drinking off your to-do list at Faith & Flower. The grand restaurant-bar's moniker comes from its street's current (Flower) and original (Faith) names, and the menu fol-

lows suit with nods to culinary trends of the 1920s and today. Timelines aside, slugging oysters and littlenecks from the raw bar before devouring a bacon-wrapped tenderloin is timeless. Let a late-night dining high carry you to **Honeycut (F)**, a subterranean bar worth the double dose of Advil. Stunningly crafted cocktails and a sweet 1970s fantasy color-blocked dance floor keep the space and the patrons well lit. It's L.A., so you're gonna see stars. —Crystal Meers

2 Tour de Food

• From the city that brought America the food truck comes the next great experience in gluttony: Grand Central Market. The food hall has been in continual operation since 1917, but in the past two years it has



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POWER PLAY

UNMASKING JAGUAR'S NEW SPECIAL OPERATIONS DIVISION

• Jaguar's "Good to Be Bad" campaign was a randy acknowledgment of something we already knew—Brits make the best cinematic villains. Now the cats from Coventry are plotting to take on rivals Audi and BMW through Special Operations, a new division charged with releasing high-performance limited-edition vehicles. First up, a street-legal version of the F-Type Project 7. Based on the already proven F-Type coupe, the P7 (the nomenclature pays homage to Jaguar's seven decisive wins at Le Mans) is a 575 hp V8-powered beast with styling cues borrowed from the brand's iconic D-Type. The car's focal point is a race-inspired fairing behind the driver's seat, a clear indication that the P7 is tricked for the track. A collapsible fabric roof helps keep weight down to a scant 3,495 pounds, allowing the aluminum-bodied two-seater to catapult from zero to 60 mph in just 3.8 seconds, with an electronically limited top speed of 186 mph. It'll be a mission to acquire one, as only 250 will be made available globally. Next up: Jaguar's sister brand Land Rover will unleash the Range Rover Sport SVR (below), a racing-tuned cross with a 550 hp V8 that sounds downright villainous.—*William K. Gock*



STATS

Jaguar F-Type Project 7

Engine: five-liter V8

Zero to 60: 3.8 seconds

Horsepower: 575 / Torque: 501 ft.-lbs. Price: \$165,000



CRASH AND LEARN

CAN LIFESAVING TECH KNOW TOO MUCH?

→ You could see Big Brother at the scene of your next accident. The 2015 Mustang will be the first vehicle to include Ford's new in-car crash technology. Originally offered in 2008 as part of the automaker's SYNC system, 911 Assist was the first OEM safety feature to communicate a wrecked vehicle's GPS coordinates directly to an emergency dispatcher. Now, with the help of your smartphone,

the system can share more than just location. "We found that by using an opt-in smartphone pairing, we can deliver a universal voice-mail packet with a number of parameters helpful to first responders," explains David Hatton, global product leader at Ford Connected Services. That means if you're in an

accident, the system can transmit data such as rate of deceleration before impact, type of crash (front, rear, rollover) and number of buckled seat belts, indicating the likely number of occupants. Privacy advocates, calling the system too invasive, question how much driver data Ford has access to and what it does with it. Hatton stresses that the feature is 100 percent voluntary and doesn't send incriminating information. "You can even choose to cancel a transmission before it's sent to 911," he says, in case you would rather tell your own version of what happened.



BATES MOTEL

To celebrate one of Playboy's favorite hit series, *Bates Motel*, we teamed up with A&E to host the most talked about party at the world's largest press junket and pop-culture mecca of the year.

Playboy & A&E kicked off Comic-Con® weekend as celebrities, media, and pop-culture icons checked into the foreboding *Bates Motel* for an evening of intrigue on Friday, July 25.

40,000 square feet of outdoor space was transformed into a voyeuristic playground that kept guests guessing what was in store around every corner. Those who dared to wind their way through the 'marijuana' maze indulged their dark sides with cocktails from the hidden Patrón XO Cafe bar. Curious onlookers donned polarized glasses that unlocked secrets, ones even we can't share, through the mysterious motel's windows. Hospitality was at its finest with gourmet bites from the Norma and Norman branded food trucks, Patrón XO Cafe infused ice cream sandwiches, and a fully stocked bar compliments of Patrón tequila and Heineken.

Even the *Bates Motel* offers guests a lucky break now and again. Before checking in, four celebrities who successfully started the Triumph Scrambler Custom were able to make a monetary donation to the charity of their choice on behalf of Triumph Motorcycles America.

Occupants also kept a full agenda exploring the eerily lifelike taxidermy lounge, channeling their inner Bates psyche in the Patrón XO Cafe photo booth, and going mad for Music by Mick.

To see more action from the party, visit playboy.com/batesmotel



PATRÓN
XO CAFE



PLAYMATES ALANA CAMPOS, RAQUEL POMPLUN, DANI MATHERS AND SUMMER ALTICE IN THE PATRÓN XO CAFE PHOTO BOOTH



ACTORS NINA DOBREV AND ORLANDO BLOOM



PLAYMATE DANI MATHERS WITH AN ICE-COLD HEINEKEN



PRODUCER CARLTON CUSE WITH CAST MEMBERS VERA FARMIGA AND FREDDIE HIGHMORE



ACTORS BEN MCKENZIE AND SETH MEYERS



PLAYMATES SUMMER ALTICE AND ALANA CAMPOS ENJOY A PATRÓN XO CAFE TREAT



ACTORS EMILY KINNEY AND MICHAEL ROOKER



PLAYMATES ALANA CAMPOS, SUMMER ALTICE, DANI MATHERS AND RAQUEL POMPLUN WELCOME ACTOR NESTOR CARBONELL



PLAYMATES DANI MATHERS, SUMMER ALTICE, RAQUEL POMPLUN AND ALANA CAMPOS PEEK INSIDE THE BATES MOTEL



ACTOR NORMAN REEDUS SHOWS OFF HIS SKILLS ON THE TRIUMPH SCRAMBLER CUSTOM



ACTRESS VERA FARMIGA STARTS THE TRIUMPH SCRAMBLER CUSTOM FOR CHARITY

BEHIND THE SCREEN

FOUR WAYS YOUR TELEVISION IS SMARTER THAN EVER



2



3



4



1

1. MUST-WATCH

→ Streaming-TV players such as Roku changed how we watch television. Good-bye, channel surfing. Hello, binge watching. Roku's first TV (\$599, roku.com) is a 48-inch, 1080p high-def set with built-in Roku functionality. Watch streaming apps, control everything from your smartphone and let your cable box collect dust.

2. SIGNAL CALLER

→ Cables can ruin even the most perfect TV spot. Dish Network's Wireless Joey (\$7 a month, dish.com) cuts the cables by wirelessly streaming HD video over a fast 802.11ac network. Leave your Dish receiver in the den, connect Wireless Joey to a TV in the backyard and watch the game while manning the grill.

3. CONTROL FREAK

→ A pile of remotes is just one side effect of a modern entertainment system. Simplify with the Harmony Ultimate (\$350, logitech.com), a programmable remote that can control up to 15 devices including your sound system, TV and more. Push WATCH TV on the 2.4-inch color screen and you won't have to move again.

4. FUTURE-PROOF

→ Netflix announced plans to produce and stream all new original programming in 4K, the bigger, better version of high-def TV. Get in early with the Vizio P-Series Ultra HD (\$1,000, vizio.com), a 50-inch LCD that cranks out four times the pixels of your current 1080p HDTV. *House of Cards* deserves nothing less.

STAR POWERED

BEHIND THE VELVET ROPE OF SOCIAL MEDIA FOR CELEBRITIES



TINDER VIP

→ Tinder plans to add a verification process for celebrities after stars complained that other users assume their profile is fake. Maybe Lindsay Lohan did hit on you.



FACEBOOK MENTIONS

→ Watch what you say about Chuck Liddell. Celebs with verified accounts can use the Mentions app to track—and comment on—posts that reference them.



BLOOMBERG POSH

→ Traders and analysts who use a Bloomberg Terminal also have access to Posh, a Craigslist-like ad service for selling Maseratis, yachts and multimillion-dollar estates.

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

GONE GIRL

By Stephen Rebello

“David and I call it the date movie that will break up couples across the land,” says author-screenwriter Gillian Flynn about director David Fincher’s movie version of her best-seller *Gone*

Girl (Fincher is the subject of this month’s *Playboy Interview*). The deliciously twisted, he-said-she-said thriller stars Ben Affleck as a shady ex-journalist who gets eaten and spat out when media sharks suspect him of having killed his rich, beautiful and mysterious wife (Rosamund Pike) on their fifth wedding anniversary. “You have to believe this guy may have killed his wife, but at the same time you have to be willing to sit down and have a beer with

him,” says Flynn. “Ben has never been better. Rosamund has the juicy part, and she brings that Hitchcock chilly-blond aloofness and self-possession that makes you so suspicious. David Fincher and I work great together because our favorite moments as audience members are when something vastly inappropriate happens and we’re put in that uneasy place of thinking, Is something wrong with me that I want to laugh but don’t know if I should?”



GAHAN WILSON: BORN DEAD, STILL WEIRD

THE LONG-TIME *PLAYBOY* CARTOONIST GETS THE DOCUMENTARY TREATMENT

PLAYBOY: How did you react when you saw director Steven Charles Jaffe’s documentary (on iTunes), in which people such as Stephen Colbert and Randy Newman praise your work?

WILSON: I felt like I was a marble bust with a plaque under me. It’s really an honor when people I respect “get” my stuff.

PLAYBOY: Did the documentary capture how anxiety-provoking it was to have your work published?

WILSON: I like that the movie gives a look at the toughness of the business. Your satisfaction increases when editors look at one of your things and a smile spreads over their face. That’s magical.

PLAYBOY: How does the current state of the world affect your latest cartoons?

WILSON: The startling aspect is how much science fiction is eerily becoming our reality. On the other hand, I’m thrilled that people are going to walk on Martian turf. I’d be an incongruous character, but if they called and invited me, I would say, “You bet!”—S.R.

BLU-RAY OF THE MONTH

HALLOWEEN: THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

By Robert B. DeSalvo

• Director John Carpenter’s 1978 seminal slasher film, *Halloween*—about unstoppable masked psycho Michael Myers, who returns to his hometown to terrorize babysitter Laurie Strode (scream queen Jamie Lee Curtis)—spawned seven scary sequels, plus an intense remake and a follow-up (both directed by

Rob Zombie). All 10 *Halloween* movies are now available in this killer high-definition set, along with TV versions of the first two movies and the ultra-rare producer’s cut of *Halloween: The Curse of Michael Myers*. **Best extras:** many bloody-good making-of featurettes and a tribute to series star Donald Pleasence. **YYY½**



TEASE FRAME

Paz Vega

→ Spanish actress Paz Vega is *muy caliente* in *Carmen* (pictured). Vega next spices up the action in *Kill the Messenger*.

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

ANGELS & DEVILS

By Rob Tannenbaum

• Kevin Martin, a.k.a. the Bug, isn't one of those electronic producers who want their music to sound like a beach party—he'd rather it sound like an itch that's bleeding or a broken-down car sputtering in a dim alley. "Ugh! Sickness!" shouts MC Ride of Death Grips in one of 10 guest appearances that

punctuate *Angels & Devils*, the Bug's latest offering. In his diseased world, drum machines are snipers, whippers are probably threats and distortion hangs in the air like rain clouds. If you listen through earphones, it's not just brilliantly layered and detailed music, it's the scariest movie of the year. **★★★★**



MUST-WATCH TV

THE AFFAIR

By Josef Adalian

• Sex and secrets are at the center of *The Affair*, but Showtime's excellent new drama from *House of Cards* vet Sarah Treem

isn't your standard soap opera. The story chronicles what happens when happily married Noah (Dominic West), spending a summer in the Hamptons with his wife (Maura Tierney) and kids, begins a romance with local waitress Alison (Ruth Wilson), whose marriage is on shakier ground. The action unfolds via flashback,

with a twist: Each episode is divided, *Law & Order*-style, between Noah's and Alison's respective points of view. We don't know which "side" is right, but that's not the point: *The Affair* is interested in the institution of marriage and how it survives (or doesn't) opposing forces, both internal and external. **★★★★**



GAME OF THE MONTH

THE EVIL WITHIN

By Jason Buhrmester

• The horror genre went stiff around the time shooters such as *Call of Duty* took over: A resurrection is happening with *The Evil Within* (360, PC, PS3, PS4, Xbox One), developed by legendary *Resident Evil* creator Shinji Mikami.

The story line, about a detective investigating a mass murder, weaves between reality and a demented fantasy overrun with hideous creatures and sadistic traps. Run, hide and hope it doesn't see you. **★★★★**

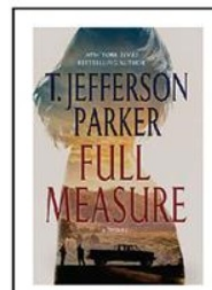
BOOK OF THE MONTH

FULL MEASURE

By Cat Auer

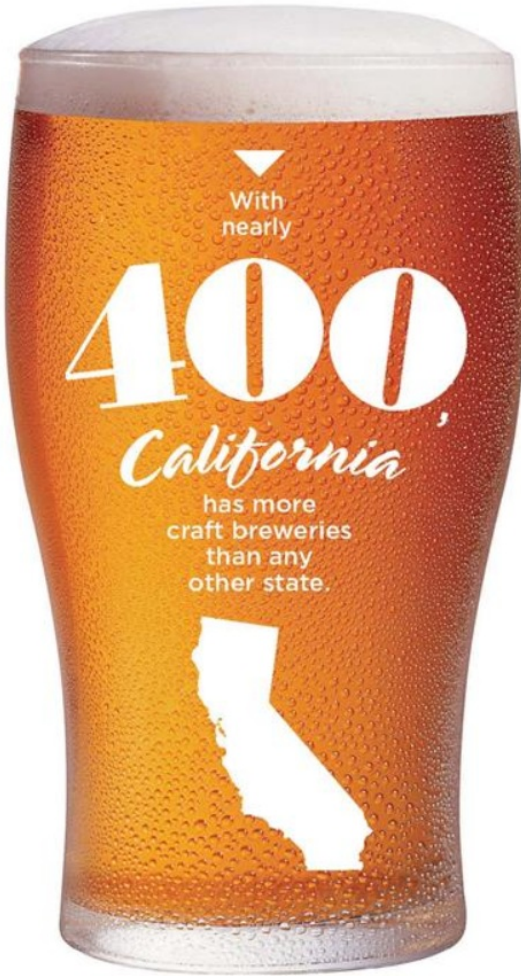
• In T. Jefferson Parker's latest novel, machine gunner Patrick Norris returns to Fallbrook, California after surviving an Afghanistan deployment many fellow marines did not. He's happy to be home from a war he didn't believe in but aches for the exhilaration of combat. When his dad asks for help saving the family farm, most of which burned in a suspicious wildfire, Pat puts aside dreams of opening a fly-fishing business and trades duty to country for duty to family. How the fire started is the secret that Parker's skillful narrative builds up to revealing, with suspenseful subplots—a

romance with a local reporter, a hit-and-run whodunit, a troubled brother drawn into the orbit of a racist townie mechanic—woven into a satisfying finish. A departure from Parker's typical California crime fare, *Full Measure* looks at what it means to sacrifice for things you believe in—and things you don't. **★★★**



**BREWING UP**

The number of U.S. breweries has doubled since 2007.



Number of keys in the 2014 Coachella lost-and-found after the festival:



Bags: **23**



Glasses: **29**



IDs: **269**



Inhalers: **2**

**RED ALERT**

A University of Rochester study found that women perceive other women wearing red as "actively advertising" their interest in sex. Participants rated a woman in red as "more sexually receptive" and reported intentions to "guard their mate from the target."



More people would rather be a plumber

(54%) than a politician **(46%)**, according to a YouGov survey.

**REBOUND SEX**

Within three months of a breakup, **66%** of those surveyed had had sex—**51%** with a previous ex, **26%** with a new partner (**20%** of whom they'd met that day) and **20%** with their ex.

Top four words people chose to describe dating-site users:

**RIDE THE LIGHTNING**

People in the U.S. killed by robots in the workplace over the past 30 years:



Number killed by lightning over the same period:

1,520

PERFECT STORM

MS.

Researchers found hurricanes with masculine names caused an average of

15.15 deaths, while those with feminine

names caused

41.84, suggesting that people view storms with feminine names as less dangerous.



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PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE A BROTHER?

FRAT GUYS CONTROL THE WORLD, AND
NON-FRAT GUYS ARE USED TO THAT. BUT
ARE OUTSIDERS GETTING REVENGE?

When the Sigma Alpha Epsilon national fraternity announced it was going to ban hazing, it broke a sacred agreement. The deal was that frat members got to throw fun parties, bang hot chicks and grow up to make more money than we non-frat guys by selling the stuff we made. In return, they were required to have horrifying, life-scarring, POW-camp-level homoerotic crimes committed against them during hell week. That way, while they lived with their trophy wives in their trophy McMansions and drove their trophy cars, at least the rest of us knew they had paid for it all with an elephant walk.

SAE is the largest, badassest frat in the nation—it's 158 years old, its leader is actually called the Eminent Supreme Archon and it's been nicknamed Sex Above Everything—so if it ends hazing, all the others will soon follow in order to remain competitive during recruitment. This, after all, is the same frat that former Dartmouth chapter member Andrew Lohse writes about in his upcoming memoir, *Confessions of an Ivy League Frat Boy*, in which he reveals he baptized dudes in a kiddie pool with cups of his own urine. As well he should have. Sure, I had to spend a whole semester hitting on whatever women happened to live on my dorm hall, while Lohse's buddies hooked up with a new hottie every weekend, but I didn't have to go into a single kiddie pool, not even one that enforced a strict no-urine-throwing rule. Also, I received the benefit of learning how to form meaningful long-term relationships. But mostly the not-getting-urine-thrown-on-me thing.

The problem is fraternities are getting rid of the bad parts but not the good parts. In fact, the good parts are getting gooder. Search Google Images



for "rush boobs" and you will see hundreds of selfies of women who have taken Sharpies to their T&A to encourage men to join particular fraternities. That's right: College-educated women, some of whom are reading Simone de Beauvoir, are turning themselves into naked human billboards for fraternities. No woman ever took a Sharpie to her breasts to write TRY OUT TO BE A HUMOR COLUMNIST FOR THE SCHOOL PAPER!

This kinder, softer fraternity is unfair, because those of us who are actually kind and soft could never live in a frat house. I'm not good at sports, don't like the taste of beer, get queasy after three drinks and am so uncomfortable seeing other men naked that I have never showered in my gym. Besides, if I wanted to follow a bunch of arbitrary rules, live with "brothers" I hadn't cho-

ping naked in front of their elders like a Greek boy and going face-first down a puke Slip 'N Slide like a Spartan.

After we graduate, we pretend none of these college distinctions matter. We "goddamn independents" grow up to be middle managers who work for our frat overlords. Only two percent of men were in frats, but 85 percent of Fortune 500 executives, 76 percent of members of Congress, 85 percent of Supreme Court justices and all but a few U.S. presidents and vice presidents were in the Greek system. So in order to go to sleep without hating myself for not being as successful as the frat bros, I need to know that all those successful people had to recite the Greek alphabet with a blood alcohol level of 73 while having something up their butt that shouldn't be up their butt, which is anything other than butt.

In this new post-hazing world all I can feel superior about is that I didn't live in a house that smelled like ass. That's not enough compensation for not running a Fortune 500 company. Or for having had a college social life that revolved around dorm activities with such themes as "talking about the dangers of alcohol" and "talking about the dangers of sex" instead of frat parties with the theme "alcohol and sex."

My only hope to fix this rip in the frat-guy-non-frat-guy agreement is to put this thought into the minds of drunken teenagers in colleges across the country: Maybe if you don't find a way to evade the national fraternity's new rule and do weird things to one another's butts anyway, none of the alumni brothers who run colleges will trust you and let you into the Great Fraternity That Runs the World. And you will have lived with ass smell for nothing. Except that you will have had the sex, parties and rush-boobs thing. Which proves we non-frat guys will never win. ■

BY JOEL STEIN

sen and go to formal dances, I would have stayed in high school another year.

In fact, I couldn't believe frats were still around by the time I got to college. They had been dying since the 1960s, when radicalized students overthrew college dorm curfews, dorm parents, demerits and single-sex floors, thereby eliminating the need to flee to non-college-owned housing for fun. Then *Animal House* rebranded frats as a rebellion against the rebellion: a reaction to late-night dorm discussions about diversity and having to see girls on your hall go to the bathroom and thereby acknowledge that girls go the bathroom. But at least those late-20th-century fraternity brothers understood that if they wanted to live reactionary lives, they needed to live by all the rules of the past no matter how rough they were. That meant being paddled like a slave, strip-

BUT THEY'RE MY DUMB THINGS

YES, EVEN THROW PILLOWS MEAN SOMETHING TO HER. GET USED TO IT

Have you ever dated a woman who has a bed covered with a million pillows? Not just the pillows you use for sleeping but decorative pillows that have to be painstakingly removed every single night and replaced every single morning, sometimes by you? Of course you have. I must confess, I'm one of those women. And the answer is yes, we do need all those pillows. Walking into my room and having it look like a display at Bed Bath & Beyond is beyond anything I could have dreamed of when I was a tween and interior decorating comprised a Debbie Gibson poster from *Bop* magazine and a free blanket from an Astros game. I have yet to meet a throw pillow I would kick out of bed. I love them.

I know what you're thinking: How many people even see those pillows? That's a good point. It's usually just my guy, my housekeeper and a "lost" party guest looking for the bathroom (or my medicine cabinet). A few years back I had a break-in and the police did a top-to-bottom check of my house, including the bedroom. They noted that the bed was unmade, the room was in disarray and lots of drawers were open, but they determined the place was just "left a mess" (written on official documents) and not the work of the intruder, who apparently was too fat to squeeze through the French door he'd wedged open. After they left, I looked around and found my sex drawer open and its contents on full display. (You don't need to know the details of that drawer. We all have one, and everything's in there that you'd think would be in there—within reason.) It was a classic "always wear clean underwear because you could get in an accident" situation, and I will never let it happen again. I

will have *closed* sex drawers (or at least cleaner ones) and gorgeous throw pillows accenting the crap out of my bedroom, impressing whichever first responder comes through the door. Maybe "great taste" will end up on the next official police report.

Look, I'm not crazy. I know having so many throw pillows is dumb. They serve no practical purpose. Some are even pretty expensive. I get it, but I can't stop myself from caring about them and other dumb things. Napkin rings. The shower curtain that goes on the outside of the real shower curtain. Candles I put all over the place

BY HILARY WINSTON

and that never get lit. I have decorative bowls, trays, rocks, even food. How many women do you know who have baskets around their home? Empty baskets that do nothing? And yet, take my baskets away, and who am I? Women care about a lot of dumb things. Tidying up the house before the housekeeper comes by. Fake logs in a fake fireplace. Putting a cover over the Kleenex box even though it's essentially its own cover. At the end of the day we *know* this is dumb stuff. And even though it doesn't always come across, we know the fate of the world doesn't hang on whether you accidentally use a guest towel.

But sometimes it feels as though only the dumb things matter. We can't control our stupid boss nixing our vacation request, our parents getting older or the IRS "not getting" our deductions.

But we *can* control our own little world inside walls whose color we might have agonized over. You probably think blue is blue, but we don't see it like that. Inside those four Ocean Breeze eggshell-finish walls, when we find the perfect place to put some old dried flowers, we feel we can get up and face the day. We escaped from the harsh outside world, where other people decide the wall colors and we can't have flowers on our desk because the guy in the next cubicle has a severe allergy. It's why we want to eat at the table and not in front of the TV, and use the nice dishes, even with takeout. They're dumb things to care about, but they're *our* dumb things to care about.

So let us care. Stop asking us why we have charger plates if we never eat off them. There is no good answer. They are not for eating off of, period. They are just pretty plates to put other pretty plates on. It will never make sense to you, but it makes sense to us. Things we don't need can still be nice. We don't *need* lavender soap, but it smells good, right? And those seemingly useless candles can come in handy when a storm knocks out the power. Some things *are* dumb, but those are the things you'll miss when you break up, and they're the things that make a home, with the right person. We understand when you tell us we can't move during your team's playoff game because if we move they will stop winning. Can we just agree that we all care about dumb things, just different dumb things? Good. Because I have to start taking the pillows off my bed if I'm going to get to sleep at a decent hour. ■



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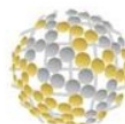
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I recently worked on a project with a female colleague. It was just the two of us sitting side by side in a conference room. At one point, as she was talking, I was listening and looking at the paperwork in front of us. She obviously thought I was looking down her shirt because she asked in an angry tone, "What are you looking at?" Completely flustered, I stammered something about looking at the papers. The next time we worked together (the two of us alone in a conference room again), she wore a very revealing blouse—so revealing I not only had a complete view of her breasts but could also see her rib cage and down her side to her waistline. As she talked, she would quickly look up to see where my eyes were. Why would a woman be angry when she thought I was looking at her breasts, then show up at our next meeting wearing a blouse so loose it left little to the imagination?—A.G., Sarasota, Florida

Chalk up her initial anger to the misunderstanding you say it was and let it go. It sounds as if you work in an office with a liberal dress code and she's dressing the way she wants. Although she may be baiting you, it's best to take the fact that she dressed the way she did at your second meeting as proof that she believes your explanation and everything is copacetic. Still, the description you provide of her anatomy underneath her blouse is pretty detailed. If she shows up next time wearing a burka, you might want to work on controlling your gaze.

In an emergency, is it advisable to use the kind of latex glove doctors use in examining rooms as a condom?—M.N., Indianapolis, Indiana

Put that glove on your hand and slap yourself in the face. Under no circumstances should you play MacGyver with issues as serious as contraception and STD prevention. Take the effort you've put into writing the Advisor and put it into stocking up on a reserve of condoms. Our favorite new condom company is L., which is a sort of Toms of condoms. For every condom it sells, the company provides free access to condoms in areas of Africa with high rates of HIV and AIDS. It also offers its customers one-hour delivery, but only in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Manhattan at this point. So until L. arrives in your fair city, order a couple dozen condoms from its website (thisisl.com) to keep on hand.

What is your opinion of a "family night" that uses marijuana as a way to improve

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



An old college girlfriend and I are having a Facebook affair. I'm married and have kids. I love my wife and my happy family, but my ex-girlfriend brings me joy I haven't felt in a decade. She wants me to leave my wife, and I'm entertaining the idea. I feel it's a rare opportunity to experience new love all over again in midlife. Am I crazy?—L.H., Dallas, Texas

No, you're normal to want to have your cake and eat it too. But you are crazy if you think the thrill you feel with your ex-girlfriend online can be sustained in the real world. You're both living a fantasy untested by the day-to-day reality of a relationship. Your kids, however old, will certainly suffer from the loss of their father, which will undoubtedly have an effect on your emotional state. The sane thing to do is to end your digital dalliance and make the most of what sounds like a great life.

family unity? I'm thinking about inviting my adult children—they are all over the age of 21—and my elderly father to get stoned with me. My hope is that it will stimulate conversation and spark more quality time together than we enjoy now.—O.T., Denver, Colorado

There's no harm in suggesting it. It may seem radical in certain circles, but smoking cannabis in moderation appears to be less dangerous than indulging in brandy and cigars. Even if people in your family pass on the invitation, it will likely stimulate conver-

sation about how you can all spend more quality time together. If this literal potluck doesn't work out, you can always resort to more traditional methods of family bonding, such as a round of miniature golf or a few hands of poker on a regular basis.

Please help settle a friendly debate. Is it possible for a guy to catch warts from a hand job?—R.R., Langley, Virginia

Yes. There's some confusion about the role hands play in the transmission of human papillomavirus, or HPV. While it's true that common warts (which can develop on hands) and genital warts are both in the HPV family, common warts cannot infect genitals, and genital warts cannot infect hands. But hands can pass genital HPV from one partner's genitals to the other's. Sorry to break it to you, but the handie isn't quite as handy as we would like it to be.

When my partner and I have sex, she wants to perform oral on me until I finish. I enjoy it, but I just don't have the desire to reach orgasm during oral sex. I prefer to finish during actual intercourse. Her wet, warm vagina feels much better, and I have stronger orgasms. She is frustrated. Why am I not on the popular blow-job-orgasm train, and why do I prefer to finish at the final station?—S.F., Madison, Wisconsin

Don't be so sure the blow-job-orgasm train is as packed as you think it is. Sure, there's a possibility your partner hasn't mastered the finer points of applied friction and rhythm. But you're clearly not the only man who prefers the physical and psychological satisfaction of achieving orgasm through vaginal sex, as evidenced by the continued survival of the human race. After all, ejaculating in a woman's vagina is the biological gold standard. Despite our desire for variety in the bedroom, the evolutionary urge to come inside clearly continues to win out.

I got divorced a year ago and have since started to use the dating app Tinder. I have matched with several women—some who include descriptions in their profiles and others who have nothing. When I ask questions to find out more about them, they will often reply with "Hope you're having a great day" or some other random remark instead of answering my questions or asking me about myself. Could these be men pretending to be women? I don't want to end up like Manti Te'o in some cat-fishing scenario. How do I know if I'm

connecting with real women?—K.N., Phoenix, Arizona

The replies you describe sound innocuous and neutral rather than emotionally or sexually manipulative. Tinder's primary function is to be a dating and hookup app. The point of the 100-mile geographic range is to facilitate the actual physical meeting of users. Of course a man could post a photo of a woman and flirt and sext with you, but it doesn't sound as though that is what's happening in your case. If you use Tinder the way it was intended, you will soon enough find out the gender of other users.

My girlfriend and I have been engaged for about a year. I am 34 and she is 25. Over the past 12 months she has lost about 15 pounds and has never looked better. The only problem is she has also lost what I deemed to be the best set of natural breasts I'd ever seen. She still has a gorgeous rack, but she has lost at least a cup size. It bothers her more than it does me, but breast enhancement is not an option. Do you have any advice?—M.M., Sudbury, Ontario

Compliment her, flatter her and be demonstrative in your appreciation of her breasts as they are (in private, of course). Presuming you get married and have kids, you'll both get the bonus of the natural breast enhancement that comes with pregnancy. But that isn't reason enough to have kids, and it isn't lasting. If she wants to add volume to her breasts, she can do an array of pectoral exercises, from push-ups to presses to pec decks at the gym. They can lift and push out what she already has. The main thing you can do is continue to be a supportive partner.

My wife and I recently began to discuss potential baby names, and we have arrived at a fork in the road. I was named after my father and would like to name my first son after myself, which would make him a third. My wife opposes this idea, stating it is an archaic practice and would imply favoritism over our other children. However, I feel that passing down a name from generation to generation is an underutilized tradition that demonstrates strong familial bonds. What is your take on this issue?—M.O., Fort Collins, Colorado

Personally, the Advisor likes being the one and only Advisor, not Advisor Jr. or Advisor III. But that's just us. As for you: Ask yourself how much you really want to fight your wife. Forcing her to adopt something she is steadfastly against will only weaken your family bonds.

Could you please provide me with a list of dating sites for married people that are not rip-offs? I've tried about 20 and they've all turned out to be full of scam artists. I'm honest about being married and what I'm looking for—specifically, a local friend with benefits whom I can hook up with for simple no-strings-attached sex. The websites I've

gone to are packed with women who try to persuade me to spend money to join other rip-off sites. There are a million sites out there, and I can't try all of them. I trust you to provide me with a quality online source for local married women who are looking for extramarital action.—U.P., Cleveland, Ohio

There are none that we know of. But the preponderance of pseudo hookup sites targeted at men like you proves that the male fantasy of a world full of uncomplicated extramarital arrangements is an undying and profitable one. You could, like some married men, be frank about your desired arrangement on a dating site such as Tinder or OkCupid, and you may luck out. But don't count on it, as these sites are geared toward single people. There are websites for people involved in open relationships (also known as polyamory). Many polyamorous couples are married and open with each other about their extramarital activities; however they tend not to get involved with cheating spouses.

You recently suggested that an adventurous traveler take Pepto-Bismol as a way to prevent traveler's stomach (July/August). I would instead suggest gin and tonics to keep stomach issues at bay. I have been to many exotic places and have never gotten sick while on G&Ts. I've concluded they were invented by the British raj for medicinal reasons. I have no evidence of this but would be delighted if you proved me right.—C.L., Lafayette, Indiana

We cited drinking alcohol as a preventive measure, but we didn't get as specific as you have. We have similar taste, as the gin and tonic is definitely our preferred medicinal drink while traveling abroad. Gin tends to be higher proof than vodka and other spirits, and we like the bittersweet taste of tonic. A generous squeeze of fresh lime not only completes the delightful balance of contrasting flavors but also raises the acidity of the drink, thus increasing its antibacterial properties. There is a history of the gin and tonic as a medicinal drink. The tonic water used to prevent malaria during British colonial rule in India was loaded with the antimalarial drug quinine (at a much higher dose than in today's commercially available tonic waters). Officers found that adding a couple of ounces of gin made taking their medicine more fun.

I'm struggling with a problem related to the behavior of my wife of 20 years, and I can't seem to get over it. I'd left my laptop at work the other day and asked if I could use hers. She obliged. I was shocked to see a sent e-mail she had left open on her screen in which she encouraged one of her girlfriends to "go ahead and fuck" (those were her words) an old acquaintance the friend had met at a get-together while out of town without her husband. The language my wife used was graphic and appalling, and I closed the page after

reading it. The recipient of my wife's advice and her husband have both been friends of ours for almost 10 years, and my wife says nothing but good things about the husband. I'm fairly certain this friend has remained monogamous throughout her marriage, as I believe my wife has. The tone of the e-mail was all about getting laid for the sake of sex and sex alone. We're all in our late 40s and have what I thought were happy and trusting relationships. I thought I knew my wife better than this and consider what she has done to be totally out of character. I am so disgusted with her that I can barely look at her, let alone trust her anymore. I can't confront her because I know from experience that she will somehow try to turn this whole thing around and accuse me of checking up on her and make it my fault. I have nobody to talk to about this and welcome your suggestions.—C.M., Tampa, Florida

You actually do have someone you can talk to about this: your wife. The fact that this incident is nagging at you means you need to come clean about what you read. Letting it fester will only add toxicity and mistrust to your relationship. It's possible your wife was joking. The only way to find out is to bring it up with her. If she was serious, then the two of you need to revisit the values you share, particularly your attitudes toward fidelity. But we think you may have an opportunity to make this work out in your favor—and maybe add some spice to your sex life. You describe your wife's language as graphic and appalling, but we know a lot of married men who would love to hear their wives of 20 years talk that way. By encouraging her friend to get fucked simply for the sake of sex, she may actually have been expressing a desire for the same thing. It's normal for a long-term relationship to get dull, and maybe you can reconnect with your wife with some straight talk and good old-fashioned fucking for fucking's sake.

I've heard of porn in which the participants urinate into each other's mouths and then swallow. Is it harmful to swallow someone else's urine? Could you become ill from it?—R.C., Houston, Texas

Yes, if the other person has a bacterial infection. But that doesn't dissuade people who get off on drinking other people's urine. What you're describing is a fetish known as urophagia, which is sometimes but not always used in bondage and discipline as a way of demonstrating dominance or submission. While it's rare to become sick from the practice, we suggest playing it safe.

For answers to reasonable questions relating to food and drink, fashion and taste, and sex and dating, write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. The most interesting and pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month.



Sexual assault on campus Facebook profiling Viral hoaxes



HOW NOT TO FIX THE CAMPUS RAPE CRISIS

With colleges across America bungling sexual-assault cases, academia can no longer hide its skeletons

BY ERIN GLORIA RYAN

America's universities are in the throes of an unrelenting crisis. Amid rising rates of reported sexual assaults, we've been inundated with story after depressing story of colleges and universities mishandling the cases. As a writer at the no-bullshit women's site Jezebel and thus someone who professionally cares about this issue, I can rattle off the debacles like sports nerds can fire off stats. Did you hear about the university that so badly botched an investigation of an alleged gang rape involving three basketball players that it may come under federal investigation? Or the one where three frat brothers sexually assaulted a classmate on film and were given the toothless "expulsion

after graduation" as punishment? Or how about the female hockey player who reported being raped by a male hockey player, and as a result she was inexplicably kicked off her school's team? Or the U.S. Department of Education's investigation of 71 schools for mishandling sexual-assault cases?

Despite the recent cavalcade of news reports, this crisis isn't new.

Despite the recent cavalcade of news reports, this crisis isn't new. What is new is our attitude toward it. We've reached a point where women feel comfortable and empowered enough to come forward, and social media has democratized the spread of information so much that colleges can no longer keep their reputations under tight control. We're pulling up the floorboards and finding a house crawling with vermin, but we haven't figured out how to eliminate sexual assaults.

READER RESPONSE

WRITE TO REFUSE

With characteristic wit, Ilija Trojanow's tongue-in-cheek letter to the National Security Agency's agony aunt ("Ask Zelda," June) describes the insidious impact of mass surveillance on society: As distrust and suspicion spread, citizens begin to self-censor in an attempt to evade the ever-watchful eye of government spies.

PEN shares Trojanow's profound concern that, because of the NSA's data collection, our private



communications will become less frank, our associations will become more limited and our scope of thought will shrink. Surveillance erodes the expectation of privacy that drives a democracy's free exchange of ideas. As writers such as Trojanow have warned for generations, people who are aware they're being watched—even by an ostensibly benign viewer—will inevitably censor themselves. PEN's 2013 "Chilling Effects" study (which revealed the statistic cited by Trojanow that 16 percent of writers "have consciously begun to avoid certain suspicious topics")



READER RESPONSE

confirms this. Mass surveillance is censorship. Writers are the canaries in the coal mine when it comes to free expression: Self-censorship among their ranks suggests that members of the general public, whether knowingly or not, are also watching what they say.

Suzanne Nossel
Executive director
PEN American Center
New York, New York

TRAINING DAYS

Donald Hall is fortunate to have lived to see an age when the vocation of "trainer" is a legitimate career pursuit ("Physical Malfitness," July/August). I'm old enough to remember a time, before fitness became a profession, when junior high schools rounded out their phys-ed departments with the inattentive, the semiretired and the just plain dumb. My father, a career public-school administrator, frequently remarked, "I never met a gym teacher I liked," and my first realization about the shortcomings of grown-ups arose from my middle-school exposure



COLLEGES FAILED TO ACT, SO NEW YORK SENATOR KIRSTEN GILLIBRAND (LEFT) CO-SPONSORED A BILL TO REDUCE CAMPUS SEXUAL ASSAULTS.

Unfortunately, most of the half-assed efforts to do so have failed, dealing more with manipulating stats than resolving the underlying issues. Fortunately, these attempts have left us with a good idea of what won't end America's campus sexual-assault crisis.

For starters, narrowing the definition of sexual assault will not solve the problem, contrary to what columnist George Will seems to think. Will argues that the uproar is baseless overreaching by privileged college students who have broadened the definition of assault because they seek protection from alcohol-fueled hookup culture. Under Will's definition, any man who gropes a woman against her will or forcibly removes her clothes would not face punishment. Sorry, George, but an assault of that nature will leave mental scars much the same as if they tried to have sex with her, and thus she should be protected from such a violation. So it's worth making the definition clear: Sexual assault is sexual contact of any nature with a person who does not consent or is incapacitated and therefore unable to consent. To restrict the definition any further to downplay the prevalence of sexual assault endangers students.

Ignoring or obfuscating the problem won't make sexual assaults go away. This seems so obvious it shouldn't require mentioning, yet this has long been the norm for America's finest institutions of higher learning. Before being forced to change their ways, Amherst and Berkeley both famously tried to dissuade women from reporting rape by telling victims the process would be more

trouble than it's worth. Occidental College in Los Angeles landed in hot water after fudging rape statistics and failing to inform students about sexual assaults that happened near campus. Discouraging reports and juking crime stats may paint a rosy picture for donors and prospective students, but it does nothing to reduce sexual assault.

Putting the onus on women to defend themselves against rape will not eliminate the crisis. We know this because some variety of "protect yourself" (the version du jour seems to be "Watch your drink!") has been the advice given to women for generations, and assaults continue.

Sure, arming women with mace and self-defense lessons may protect individuals against the sort of rape depicted in early seasons of *Law & Order*, the kind involving a stranger who hides in the bushes, wearing a weather-inappropriate stocking cap. But most look nothing like that. According to the U.S. Department of Justice, 85 to 90 percent of campus sexual-assault victims knew their attacker. And according to experts including psychologist David Lisak, focusing on individual defense and personal responsibility doesn't reduce rape,

because college rapists approach the female population on campus the way a lion approaches a herd of antelope. Lisak argues that college rapists target the slow, the impaired, the ones separated from the herd. The weakest antelope will always be eaten, even if it knows basic judo moves.

Urging rape victims to appeal to law enforcement rather than their schools' flimsy internal justice systems won't solve things either. It certainly didn't work for the woman who accused Florida State football player Jameis Winston of rape. Although the Heisman Trophy

Universities have explored nearly every way to dodge actually addressing their sexual-assault problems.



to gym teachers. I distinctly recall a male teacher advising, as he took attendance for our coed seventh-grade gym class, "Girls, don't worry if you've started menstruating—exercise is actually good for that." The old-timers refused to enforce the shower requirement and had ceased patrolling the labyrinthine boys' locker room altogether, ceding

winner was cleared of all charges, a *New York Times* investigation of the alleged assault's aftermath outlined how the Tallahassee police department had barely lifted a finger. Nationally, a laughably small percentage of rape charges result in convictions. Out of every 100 rapes, only 40 are reported to police. Of those, only 10 lead to an arrest, and only three lead to prison time for a convicted rapist. Can you blame a woman for concluding that appealing to the police may be a waste of time?

Finally, universities that try to push Greek life and alcohol consumption off campus to absolve themselves of legal liability for students' debauchery do not eliminate the problem and may in fact exacerbate it. The DOJ cites attending off-campus parties as a major risk factor for sexual assault. When universities move fraternities outside their purview,

it can give rise to unregulated "illegal" fraternities, such as the one operating at American University. E-mails leaked this spring from "fraternity" brothers revealed a dangerous culture of sexual assault fostered by its members, and interviews with women on campus revealed that many of them knew someone who had been raped at the frat.

Between misrepresenting what sexual assault is, fudging sexual-assault statistics, interfering in investigations, prioritizing their own interests over their students' safety and treating sexual assault like a PR crisis that can be fixed with press releases, American colleges and universities have explored nearly every way to dodge actually addressing their respective sexual-assault problems. Maybe this is the year that all changes. But if schools continue with their current playbook, I wouldn't count on it. ■

This isn't a PR crisis that can be fixed with press releases.

DON'T JUDGE A FACEBOOK BY ITS COVER PHOTO

A surprising study reveals our biases against sex in social media

Check out these two photographs. Honestly—and let's just keep this between us—I'm not really sold on the woman in the top image. Something tells me she's not particularly smart or competent. The woman in the bottom picture? Oh yeah, totally reliable. No question she'd be great at her job. Much better than the first. Wait, they're the same person? Oh....

So why did I project totally unrelated judgments onto the character of the woman in the sexier photo? Actually, in this case I didn't, but a group of research subjects did. A recent study in the journal *Psychology of Popular Media Culture* that used the pictures showed a young woman is perceived to be less competent by her peers if she has a sexy Facebook profile picture instead of an unsexy one.

The researchers crafted two Facebook profiles, identical in every way except for the photo. The person they created was "Amanda Johnson," a 20-year-old college student in Oregon who likes Lady Gaga, *Twilight* and *Project Runway*. A volunteer allowed the researchers to use two pictures of her for the experiment, which was led by Elizabeth

Daniels, a psychology professor at Oregon State University-Cascades.

Daniels and her team gathered 118 young women ranging from 13 to 25 years old. She showed half of them Johnson's sexy page and the other half the unsexy profile. They were then asked to grade Johnson's physical attractiveness ("I think she is pretty"), social attractiveness ("I think she could be a friend of mine") and task competence ("I have confidence in her ability to get a job done") on a scale of one to seven. The sexier version of Amanda Johnson scored lower on all three qualities but dramatically lower when it came to perceptions of her competence.

The takeaway from this study could be that if you want people to perceive you as smart, don't dress provocatively. "Traditional gender scripts concerning dating dictate that 'good girls' constrain their sexuality," Daniels writes in the study. "Accordingly, it is reasonable that adolescent girls would negatively evaluate a female peer with a sexualized self-presentation on Facebook."

Yet rushing off to revise your social-media appearance to make it suitably conservative isn't the answer. Women shouldn't feel pressured to be someone they're not to appease people who have a negative view of sex. A woman should be able to present herself as sexy or not without worrying about misguided people making unfounded judgments about her intelligence. —Jeremy Repanich



READER RESPONSE

control to a team of youthful Neanderthals who administered beatings with impunity using padlocks swung inside tube socks. These "fitness professionals" may not have convinced us that physical fitness was a worthwhile pursuit,



but they could not have provided us with better preparation for the world at large had they tried.

Jaeger Christian
Los Angeles, California

I knew I'd grow slower with age; I just didn't anticipate it would happen so quickly. Now, at the age of 31, I long for the days when I could run a sub-six-minute mile, scale long staircases two (or even three) steps at a time and stand up from my office chair without making noises or hearing bones crack. Being in shape goes from a luxury taken for granted to a chore you have to make time for. I've made what I can of what I have left in the tank, participating in regular pickup volleyball and ultimate frisbee games. My evolution wasn't the result of surgery, obesity or other health-related issues. But times have changed, and I have to wonder: When did I become the guy who volunteers to start the game on the bench? The one who packs a sweat towel in his gym bag? Someone who stretches before and after physical activity? Who gets so winded from a three-on-three basketball game to seven points that I have to sit out, complaining about my aching



READER RESPONSE

back? I recall fondly my days of athletic achievement. I just wish I'd had more time to relish them before I became yet another old



man telling stories of the way things used to be.

Danny Groner
New York, New York

First I was worried Donald Hall was going to die; now I think he's going to live forever. Good for him. I'm not one to exercise, but having a pretty young trainer come to my home every week sounds like a fine plan.

Frank Anderson
San Jose, California

PLUGGING IN

Shane Michael Singh's article ("Free-Market Hypocrisy," June) about New Jersey's ban on Tesla sales in the state accurately describes New Jersey governor Chris Christie's approach to dealing with those outside his fold: Make them squirm. It's the same technique seen in the so-called Bridgegate scandal, in which Christie's staffers closed lanes on the George Washington Bridge in Fort Lee, New Jersey, creating huge traffic jams in retaliation for Fort Lee mayor Mark Sokolich's refusal to back Christie's 2013 gubernatorial bid. If you're not Christie's friend, you're his enemy and a target for his wrath (or that of his staffers). According to CampaignMoney.com, for the 2012 elections, Tesla Motors CEO Elon Musk contributed \$74,200, about \$50,000 of which went to Democrats. For elections in 2014, Musk contributed \$55,500,



WE CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH

Monster tarantulas, supermodel felons, extreme stalkers. Where is journalism headed?

BY LUKE O'NEIL

This June, a man named Jeremy Meeks bewitched the world. You may know him better by his media-dubbed nickname the Hot Felon. Meeks is attractive enough that his prominent cheekbones and alluring mug-shot stare went viral, bringing the previously unknown criminal instant fame. Days later, outlets from Gawker and BuzzFeed to *The Washington Post*, the *Daily Mail*, *New York* magazine and others reported he'd landed a \$30,000 modeling contract. Delighted millions shared the incongruous turn of events on social media.

I called his manager (yes, Meeks now has a manager) to confirm—something no other journalist at that point had bothered to do. There was no \$30,000 contract. Modeling agencies had never heard of him. Meeks's mug shot had merely gone viral and caused rampant speculation.

Recently, reputable news organizations

told us that *Orange Is the New Black* faced cancellation the day after it racked up nine Emmy nominations, that an "extreme stalker" called her ex-boyfriend 77,000 times and that a giant pregnant tarantula was on the loose in Brooklyn. Outlets from Fox News to *USA Today*

told us a Chinese man was stuck in a South Korean airport after his son had doodled on his passport. Like the other stories, it was untrue; this one had been sourced from the Chinese equivalent of a Twitter post.

Why do websites of otherwise trustworthy news organizations stoop to such lows? Because journalism's digital business model, which forces outlets to compete for

the same ad space with the most irresponsible websites on the internet, has created a new reality. Journalists, without the time or wherewithal to carry out a bare minimum of investigation under an unprecedentedly short news cycle, are forced to chase viral clicks and the

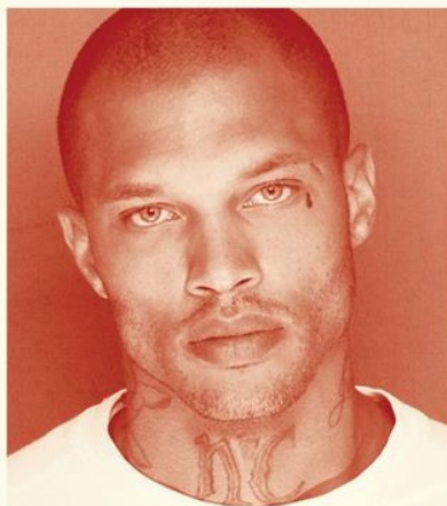
Once, credibility was the linchpin of journalism. Today, it's an afterthought.

pennies they bring, posting stories engineered toward “virality” to court their new social-media kingmakers. Once, credibility was the linchpin of journalism. Today, as dubiously sourced stories multiply, it’s an afterthought.

“Companies focus on page views because they’re quantifiable,” says Jonah Berger, author of *Contagious: Why Things Catch On*. “So journalists optimize for share numbers, and audiences share juicy headlines without reading the story.” NPR proved as much this past April Fool’s Day with the story WHY DOESN’T AMERICA READ ANYMORE? It had a clickable, debatable headline engineered to go viral, but the article began, “Congratulations, genuine readers!” and continued, “We sometimes get the sense that some people are commenting on NPR stories they haven’t actually read. If you are reading this, please like this post and do not comment on it. Then let’s see what people have to say about this ‘story.’” A witless frenzy of “answers” materialized on NPR’s Facebook page, from “because we are fat & stupid” to “people don’t have the attention span.” Then a July headline on *Time* magazine’s revamped website—whose posting strategy is designed to replicate BuzzFeed’s success—proclaimed that SCIENTISTS SAY SMELLING FARTS MIGHT PREVENT CANCER. The story garnered thousands of shares and was passed along via CNET, the New York *Daily News* and others, even as angry scientists pointed out that the study said no such thing.

There are psychological reasons we don’t care if these stories are true. Boston University marketing professor Carey Morewedge says social psychologists who study praise and blame have found that “people take more responsibility for outcomes that turn out well and see others as responsible for those that don’t.” We’re lauded for sharing interesting stories on Facebook but face no fallout if they turn out to be bogus, because online interactions differ from those that take place in the flesh. “If you tell a lie in person, you’re more likely to receive the blame,” says Morewedge. “On social media, the third party is responsible. You’re just saying, ‘This is interesting.’”

The high-speed viral-sharing system itself is the reason we don’t lose trust in those who share fake stories: Not only does news spread faster than it can be scrutinized, it’s gone before readers realize it’s fake. Most people never discover that something they shared is fallacious, Berger says—or by the time they do, they don’t remember where they heard it.”



HE LOOKS GOOD IN ORANGE, BUT THE HOT FELON WON’T HIT RUNWAYS ANYTIME SOON.

“Truth is not a major driver of why stories are shared,” he continues. “Think about urban legends. People pass on all sorts of things that aren’t true—they care more about whether something is interesting. No one wants to be thought of as a liar, but by the time something is found false, we’ve often moved on to the next hot information nugget of the day.”

The societal costs are significant. In a prior era, journalists responsible for reporting falsehoods faced immediate dismissal. The deceptions of disgraced journalists, including Jayson Blair, Janet Cooke and Stephen Glass, and the uproars that ensued when their misdeeds

were uncovered, stand as charming reminders of a time of higher standards. Online media have less incentive to adopt such strict principles. When no one is held accountable and hoaxes are chalked up to the nature of the new business, untruths spread like wildfire, with no end in sight. The consequences—a genera-

tion of journalists lacking ethics training, a public that accepts lower standards and a gaping hole in the media’s organizational practices that the unscrupulous exploit—are as far-reaching for the industry’s role in society as they are for the business of news itself.

If this economic equation isn’t solved, the real threat we face is a world in which parody, such as found in *The Onion* and *Weekly World News*, becomes indistinguishable from reality. “Free online journalism today is a loser’s battle,” says Northeastern University journalism professor Dan Kennedy. “With something like the Hot Felon, the public may want to ask, Is this really what we want journalists to be doing?”

“Truth is not a major driver of why stories are shared.”

READER RESPONSE

with \$45,100 going to Republicans. Musk is learning. If he ever donates a large sum to Christie or to Texas governor Rick Perry, I predict a warm friendship developing between those governors and Musk—and Tesla for sale in both states. Christie is not a



hypocrite; he stays true to his unscrupulous “principles.”

James Campbell
Aurora, Illinois

HEADWORK

I have a private therapy practice. “Treatment Complex” (May) got my attention because I recognize the pseudoscience and fraudulent diagnoses some psychologists use to line their pockets via unknowing taxpayers. One of the best ways to treat sex offenders is through sex-addict-anonymous meetings, which are free and can be required by probation. For adults in recovery, these programs form a support community that no mental health program can replicate. Yet psychologists put themselves in the expert chair so they can receive more and more public funding. I’m suspicious of treatments that psychologists consider evidence-based. Usually such treatments net them more contracts, when medication and weekly support have consistently proven most effective.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID FINCHER

*A candid conversation with the controversial director of **Fight Club**, **Gone Girl** and **The Social Network** about why his movies are so damn strange*

People tend to think twice about messing with David Fincher, director of perverse, wickedly funny, impeccably made head-twisters such as *Fight Club*, *Zodiac* and *The Social Network*. That's understandable. He is, after all, the dark, icy moviemaker who merrily snuffed Sigourney Weaver's iconic Ripley character in *Alien 3*, served up Gwyneth Paltrow's head in a box in *Seven*, trapped Jodie Foster and Kristen Stewart in a home invasion in *Panic Room* and choreographed Rooney Mara's brutal rape in *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*. He made TV viewers' jaws drop with his series *House of Cards* when Kevin Spacey's ruthless politician shoves his lover Kate Mara (Rooney's sister) in the path of a subway train. Expect more Fincher-style dread, mystery and uneasy laughs from *Gone Girl*, his big-screen version of Gillian Flynn's relentlessly readable whodunit that spent 11 weeks at the top of the New York Times best-seller list, tore through 40 printings, sold more than 6 million copies before hitting paperback and sparked an adult fan base almost as rabid as the young-adult crowds obsessed with *Twilight* and *The Hunger Games*. Of the movie, in which Ben Affleck can barely convince anyone he didn't kill his beautiful wife, *Nine Inch Nails* frontman Trent Reznor, who scored the picture with Atticus Ross, says it's "a much darker

film than I was expecting. It's a nasty film."

Fincher wouldn't have it any other way. With a reputation for being obsessively perfectionistic and passionate about his creative vision, he has also apparently rattled some of Hollywood's biggest studio bosses and stars. Scott Rudin, producer of *The Social Network* and *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*, has said, "He has an anarchist's mentality. He likes to blow up systems." Robert Downey Jr. compared the *Zodiac* set to "a gulag," and to salute Fincher's notorious proclivity for demanding as many as 60 takes from his actors, he left urine-filled mason jars around the set. But in an industry that often runs scared from off-killer projects and inconvenient truths, Fincher stands out for bringing to the mainstream what may be hard to hear and watch but can also be entertaining as hell.

David Andrew Leo Fincher was born August 28, 1962 to Claire, a mental health nurse who specialized in treating drug addictions, and Howard Kelly Fincher, also known as Jack, a *Life* magazine bureau chief and author. When Fincher was two, his parents relocated the family from Denver to Marin County, California. When he was about to enter high school, his parents moved again, this time taking Fincher and his two sisters to bucolic Ashland, Oregon, where he graduated from high school. Intro-

duced to films by his father and inspired by seeing *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* at the age of seven, Fincher, who was shooting eight-millimeter movies by the time he was eight, returned on his own to Marin County, where he ducked college and instead landed a job with director John Korty (*The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*). By the age of 19 he was working at George Lucas's special effects company, *Industrial Light & Magic*, where he became an assistant cameraman and matte photographer. Two years later he jumped at the opportunity to make some noise of his own by conceptualizing and directing an attention-grabbing American Cancer Society public-safety commercial in which a fetus puffs a cigarette.

That spot started him on a lucrative career filming TV commercials for Nike, Coca-Cola, Chanel and Levi's, which he alternated with directing award-winning music videos for such artists as Madonna, George Michael and the Rolling Stones. Fincher's feature-film career was launched—and nearly crushed overnight—when 20th Century Fox hired the 27-year-old neophyte to direct the 1992 film *Alien 3*, the trouble-plagued, critically skewered second sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 futuristic masterwork. Oddly, the failure enhanced Fincher's burgeoning reputation as



"I'm sure there are people who think I bite the heads off puppies. There's nothing I can do about that. The relationships that matter to me are always with people who wouldn't have preconceived notions based on somebody's work."



"I offer everything to Brad Pitt, not because I'm pathetic but because he's good for so many things. Both Brad and Ben Affleck have a default 'affable' setting. Neither wants you to be uncomfortable."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORENZO AGIUS

"My responsibility to myself is always, Am I going to be the commodity that people want me to be, or am I going to do the shit that interests me? I don't like most comedies. I don't like being ingratiated. I don't like obsequiousness."

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a visionary, and he parlayed that into a successful movie career. Fiercely private and not given to sharing glimpses of his life, Fincher met his longtime companion and producer, Cédric Chaffin, in the early 1990s when she was producing and he was directing a Coke ad. Fincher had previously been married to model-photographer Donya Fiorentino. They have a daughter, Phelix Imogen Fincher, who is 20; Donya subsequently married actor Gary Oldman, and Fincher gained custody of Phelix.

PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor **Stephen Rebello**, who last interviewed Samuel L. Jackson, to catch up with Fincher in his cavernous Hollywood production offices housed in a swank 1920s art deco former bank that later served as a location in *L.A. Confidential*. Reports Rebello: "You meet David Fincher and know instantly you've been scanned, processed and judged either 'quick' or 'dead.' He doesn't suffer fools. But instead of the cool, brusque, detached man some have described, he struck me as gracious, smart as hell, drolly funny and armed with a lethal dry wit. Tell him you like his films, for instance, and he shoots back, 'Well, it's always nice to meet new perverts.' Back at you, Fincher."

PLAYBOY: You've made movies as different from each other as *The Social Network* and *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, and earned best director Oscar nominations for both. But you're better known for darker, more twisted films such as *Seven*, *Fight Club*, *Zodiac* and *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*. What frightens the guy whose movies provoke, scare and unsettle others?

FINCHER: Complacency. Also, I don't like spiders, snakes, sharks, bears or anything that could make me part of the food chain. In our part of Los Angeles I'm usually okay, but when our daughter was three, this big fucking green garden spider as large as my palm built a gigantic web at about face height for a three-year-old. We were convinced that thing was thinking. If I can just get the tykester to come into my net, I could feed off that little one for two years. It would build this web every single night, and every single morning someone would walk through it. I was like, Dude, seriously? Give it a rest.

PLAYBOY: What else creeps you out?

FINCHER: I heard about a German man who put an ad on an internet site saying he wanted to devour somebody. Someone actually answered the ad. The guy videotaped himself anesthetizing the willing victim, segmenting his body and consuming him. Before the victim died, they ate his genitals together. I don't know if it was some bizarre psychosexual fulfillment, but it's one of the most disturbing things I've ever heard. When you can't count on somebody to even fight for his life, when he goes willingly—well, it's so out of left field, it's not even on my radar. Even though that was the most troubling thing I'd heard in a long time, the things that interest me in cinema kind of work the same way.

I like starting with an idea that unlocks a whole Pandora's box of other ideas.

PLAYBOY: Do people ever confront you for unlocking their personal Pandora's box of dark thoughts?

FINCHER: It was offensive to me on a certain level that when *Saw* and those other movies came out, people said, "Well, torture porn really started with *Seven*." Fuck you. There's enough pervy shit going on in *Seven* that I don't have to get on my high horse to defend its artistic sensibilities. It was lurid. It was supposed to be lurid. But the thing I appreciated about it and what I thought Andrew Kevin Walker's script did so well was that it got your mind in overdrive. It worked on your imagination. We were extremely conscious of the fact that we were talking about torture, but we never actually showed it.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting how even some fans of *Seven* swear they saw the severed and boxed head of Gwyneth Paltrow, who plays the wife of the detective played by Brad Pitt, at the end of the movie.

FINCHER: Exactly, but they never saw it. Because we had Andrew's script and Brad and Morgan Freeman playing the detectives, we were in great shape and didn't have to show the head in the box. Directors get far too much credit and far too much blame. But the fun of movie storytelling is when you know you have the audience's attention and you can see or feel them working to figure out where the movie's going. I'm interested in the psychology of not only leading the audience along but also being responsible for getting them there sooner than the characters, so the audience is watching things and going, "Oh no!" It's an interesting relationship to have with 700 people, even if 200 of them miss it entirely.

PLAYBOY: You've cast Brad Pitt as the star of *Seven*, *Fight Club* and *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*. What's the dynamic between you?

FINCHER: Brad fucks with me all the time. So does Ben Affleck. When we did *Fight Club*, the studio said, "This is awesome; this is going to be great," because we were going to have a scene with Brad opening the door naked. When it came time to shoot it, being Brad, he said, "I should open the door and have a big yellow dishwasher scrub glove on." I said, "Perfect." When the studio executive saw it, she said, "You got him with his shirt off and then you fucked the whole thing up." I was like, "Excavate that line from *Animal House*: 'Hey, you fucked up—you trusted us.'"

PLAYBOY: Obviously a movie star of Pitt's stature helps calm nervous investors so you can make the movie you want.

FINCHER: Yeah. With my first movie, *Alien 3*, I had to get permission for everything, but my second movie, *Seven*, was my movie, Andy Walker's movie, Brad Pitt's, Morgan Freeman's and Kevin Spacey's movie. I didn't look to anyone

for permission. I made a pact with [studio boss] Michael De Luca and just said, "Dude, the audience wants a revelation. I'm going deep. It's \$34 million and fuck it." He was a thousand percent there, even when push came to shove and we went \$3 million over budget. We gave the audience a revelation with Brad and Morgan and by throwing in Gwyneth Paltrow, whom people had seen a bit of. It was the alchemy of those faces, those careers and the ascendance of different talents in that period. I'd direct *Seven* in a different way today. I would have a lot more fun. It was only by the time I did *Zodiac* or *Benjamin Button* that I knew what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch a lot of crime shows on TV?

FINCHER: I like *Forensic Files*, that kind of stuff. My wife will turn it on, roll over in bed, and things like "The body was found near the parking lot of the 7-Eleven just off the interstate" go into her ears while she's asleep.

PLAYBOY: Having lived with, raised a daughter with and worked closely with your wife, Ceán Chaffin, as your producer since the 1990s, do you ask her for advice when you're on the fence about material?

FINCHER: Constantly. It's a blessing and a curse, because she's obviously someone who knows me, in some ways, better than I know myself. There are definitely things we disagree about. She was extremely vociferous, for instance, when she said, "Don't make *The Game*."

PLAYBOY: That's the 1997 thriller in which Sean Penn gives his brother Michael Douglas a voucher for a live-action game that takes over his life.

FINCHER: Yeah, and in hindsight, my wife was right. We didn't figure out the third act, and it was my fault, because I thought if you could just keep your foot on the throttle it would be liberating and funny. I know what I like, and one thing I definitely like is not knowing where a movie is going. These days, though, it's hard to get audiences to give themselves over. They want to see the whole movie in a 90-second trailer.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel trapped by your own track record as a director?

FINCHER: I know that if a script has a serial killer—or any kind of killer—in it, I have to be sent it; I don't have any choice. [laughs] My responsibility to myself is always, Am I going to be the commodity that people want me to be, or am I going to do the shit that interests me? I have a lot of trouble with material. I don't like most comedies because I don't like characters who try to win me over. I don't like being ingratiated. I don't like obsequiousness. I also have issues with movies where two people fall in love just because they're the stars and their names are above the title. I could maybe do some gigantic mythological *Hero With a Thousand Faces*-type movie, but so many other people are doing that.

PLAYBOY: Superhero stuff?

FINCHER: I find it dull. I like to anticipate the energy of a movie audience that's waiting for the curtain to come up and thinking, Well, one thing we don't know about this guy is that we don't know how bad it can get.

PLAYBOY: Things get really bad in your new thriller, *Gone Girl*, both for the audience sweating it out and for the ex-magazine journalist played by Ben Affleck, who keeps swearing he had nothing to do with his wealthy, blonde, apparently perfect wife's disappearance. The book is famous for its twists and turns, so it's tough to discuss the movie without spoiling it. You're known for toying with audiences, but do you worry that the big international fan base for Gillian Flynn's best-selling novel may be rocked by alterations you and she made for the movie version?

FINCHER: There are certainly a lot of elements in Gillian's book that are well trod in my movies, like the procedural aspect, people putting together clues and things like that. It's also a very naughty book. But my thought when I first read it was, Fuck, how do you throw away two thirds of this and still end up with the same journey? How do you still play with the Scott Peterson aspect [the notorious case in which Peterson murdered his pregnant wife]—which we all know is the jumping-off point—but make it about something bigger and more universal?

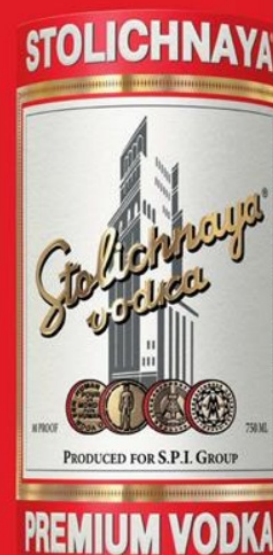
PLAYBOY: Bigger and more universal, such as...?

FINCHER: I think the movie works on a purely procedural level and on a purely page-turning-mystery level. But it has a real riptide to it, taking to task our cultural narcissism and who we think we are as good wives, good husbands, good Christians, good neighbors, good Americans, good patriots. Once you get fractal about every fissure in somebody's public facade, you're going to see stuff you wish you hadn't. Can we hold ourselves to the same scrutiny to which we hold people we've never met? The great gift of Gillian, who's very wry and bright, and the fun I've had on this movie was having a kindred spirit who likes the naughtiness of going, "You can have your cake and eat it too—but it's *preachy* cake."

PLAYBOY: The book also says dark, funny, troubling things about marriage.

FINCHER: I think Gillian's book is talking about marriage and hiding it in an absurdist confection. When you peel back the layers and get to the kernel, you think, Wow, I feel queasy for a whole different set of reasons than I thought I would. Remember the 1970s *National Lampoon* record *That's Not Funny, That's Sick*? That was what I wanted to go for in terms of performance and tone. That and *Lolita*, because both are unbelievably funny and unbelievably naughty. They're about disturbing ideas and very disturbed people and their facades of

NEAT IS JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR NAKED.



normalcy. There are moments when you find yourself torn by what the characters in *Gone Girl* have done in service of their urges. They're kind of irredeemable and yet intensely human.

PLAYBOY: You're happily married, but you were previously married to, had a daughter with and divorced a woman who subsequently married and fought a very public and ugly divorce battle with actor Gary Oldman, who recently gave a forthright interview in *PLAYBOY*. Did any of your history and relationships come into play while directing *Gone Girl*?

FINCHER: Gary and I certainly have a shared history. I know him very well. In fact, I wanted to cast him in *Alien 3*, but we couldn't work it out—though, in hindsight, if we had, we probably would never have spoken to each other after that. Gary's not cruel. He's an incredibly thoughtful guy. I see him from time to time, but I haven't seen him in a while. I heard about the *Playboy Interview*, but I haven't read it yet. It shows you how pathetic it is that I don't know anything else that's going on when I'm in the bubble of finishing a movie.

PLAYBOY: Given your relationship with Pitt and considering how many actresses' names were floated to star in *Gone Girl*—including Charlize Theron, Natalie Portman, Reese Witherspoon and Emily Blunt—why did you choose Affleck and Rosamund Pike?

FINCHER: I offer everything to Brad, not because I'm pathetic but because he's good for so many things. Both Brad and Ben have a default "affable" setting. Neither wants you to be uncomfortable. You cast movies based on critical scenes. In *Gone Girl* there's a smile the guy has to give when the local press asks him to stand next to a poster of his missing wife. I flipped through Google Images and found about 50 shots of Affleck giving that kind of smile in public situations. You look at them and know he's trying to make people comfortable in the moment, but by doing that he's making himself vulnerable to people having other perceptions about him.

PLAYBOY: What kind of perceptions?

FINCHER: In Ben's case, what many people don't know is that he's crazy smart, but since he doesn't want that to get awkward, he downplays it. I'm sure when he was a 23-year-old and all this career-success shit was happening for him, he was like, "I just want to go to the after-party and meet J. Lo." I'm sure he said a lot of glib shit and people went, "Ugh, fake." If you have a lot of success when you're young and good-looking, you realize it's okay to let people write you off. It's the path of least resistance. You don't want to be snowbound with them anyway. I think he learned how to skate on charm. I needed somebody who not only knew how to do that but also understood the riptide of perceived reality as opposed to actual reality.

PLAYBOY: In casting the "girl" of the title, how familiar were you with Pike, the British beauty people may know from *An Education* and *Jack Reacher*?

FINCHER: I wanted Faye Dunaway in *Chinatown*, where you think, This person has experienced avenues of pain that no one can articulate. Or Faye in *Network*, where it's, You're never going to get to the bottom of this, so just stop. It's crazy how much Rosamund reminds me of Faye. I'd seen probably four or five things Rosamund had done, and I didn't have a good take on her. I realized why when I met her. She's odd. The role is really difficult and Rosamund was born to play it. There was a moment on the set when I overheard Rosamund asking Ben, "What do you think Fincher saw in me that he would cast me in this role?" Ben said, "Why don't we ask him?" I, of course, turned to Ben and said, "You should be asking the question, What did Fincher see in me that he wanted me for this role?" Because what we asked him

*If you didn't get
hugged enough
as a kid, you
won't find what
you're looking
for from me.*

to do was "Open vise, insert testicles and turn" for the entire length of the movie. Ben and Rosamund are both great in it.

PLAYBOY: So far your *Gone Girl* cast has been mum, but other stars you've worked with, such as Daniel Craig, Robert Downey Jr. and Jake Gyllenhaal, have spoken about the experience as being tough but worth it, with you demanding many retakes of the same scene.

FINCHER: If you didn't get hugged enough as a kid, you won't find what you're looking for from me. That's not my gig and I'm not attuned to it. On *Zodiac* I had a conversation with Jake, and I said, "I guarantee I'm going to make a good movie out of this. You can decide if you want to be the weakest thing in it, or you can decide if you want to show up." Downey had an interesting relationship with Jake on that movie. I think he felt it was his job to point out how difficult it is to be a 24-year-old actor with a lot of eyes and expectations on you. In spite of all the drama about whether we were al-

lowing Jake to be the best version of himself because we were expecting so many iterations of his performance, to an extent I also felt that way about him. I also empathized with the wizened Downey looking back at himself in his *Less Than Zero* days and wanting a more nurturing influence for Jake.

PLAYBOY: Both Downey's and Gyllenhaal's complaints were about reshooting scenes over and over. What do you get on take 11, say, that you don't on take five?

FINCHER: Part of the promise when I work with actors is that we may be on take 11 and I'll say, "We certainly have a version that we can put in the movie that will make us all happy. But I want to do seven more and continue to push this idea. Let's see where it goes." Now, I may go back to them after those seven takes and say, "It was a complete fucking waste of effort, but I had to try because I feel there's something to be mined from this." That's a lot of extra work for an actor, and sometimes it pushes them out of their comfort zone. In some cases they're not getting paid as much as they would on another movie. I go out on a limb, and people work harder for me than they do for other people. But I want them to be happy with the fact that we were able to do something singular, something unlike anything else in their or my filmography.

PLAYBOY: Something that doesn't look much like anything else in your filmography is your big foray into television, the biting, juicy, inside-politics series *House of Cards*, starring Kevin Spacey and Robin Wright. The show has won a viewership and a slew of awards, put Netflix on the map and made binge watching the new normal.

FINCHER: Netflix is fucking righteous, so smart. I directed two episodes of *House of Cards* and also did the marketing. We were working with a tiny marketing budget, and I knew the cast, so I said, "Let's keep this really simple." I didn't want to drag Kevin away for three days to do a photo shoot, so we had the art department make that Lincoln chair, and we rolled it over in the corner, dropped Kevin in it and took a picture of him. It wasn't born of wanting to put talented photographers out of work as much as it was, "I think we can do this in an hour and a half because I can say to Kevin, 'Okay, that scene in episode 11, give me that look.'" We whacked this thing together and showed it to Netflix, and they said, "That looks great." I give all credit to Netflix. It was smartly done and very strategic, and they've been able to make a fairly big splash.

PLAYBOY: When *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* was about to hit theaters, some of the press focused on your mentor-protégée relationship with young actress Rooney Mara. Why do you think Mara's co-star Daniel Craig described the relationship as "fucking weird" in one magazine piece?

(continued on page 134)



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harrowing flights in a B-24 bomber and somehow made it back to the U.S. Besides the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star, my father cherished this watch because it was a reminder of the best part of the war for any soldier—the homecoming.

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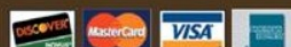
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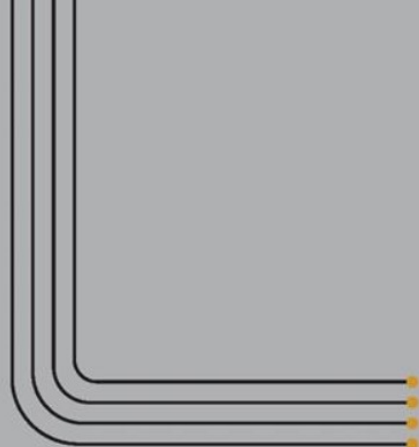


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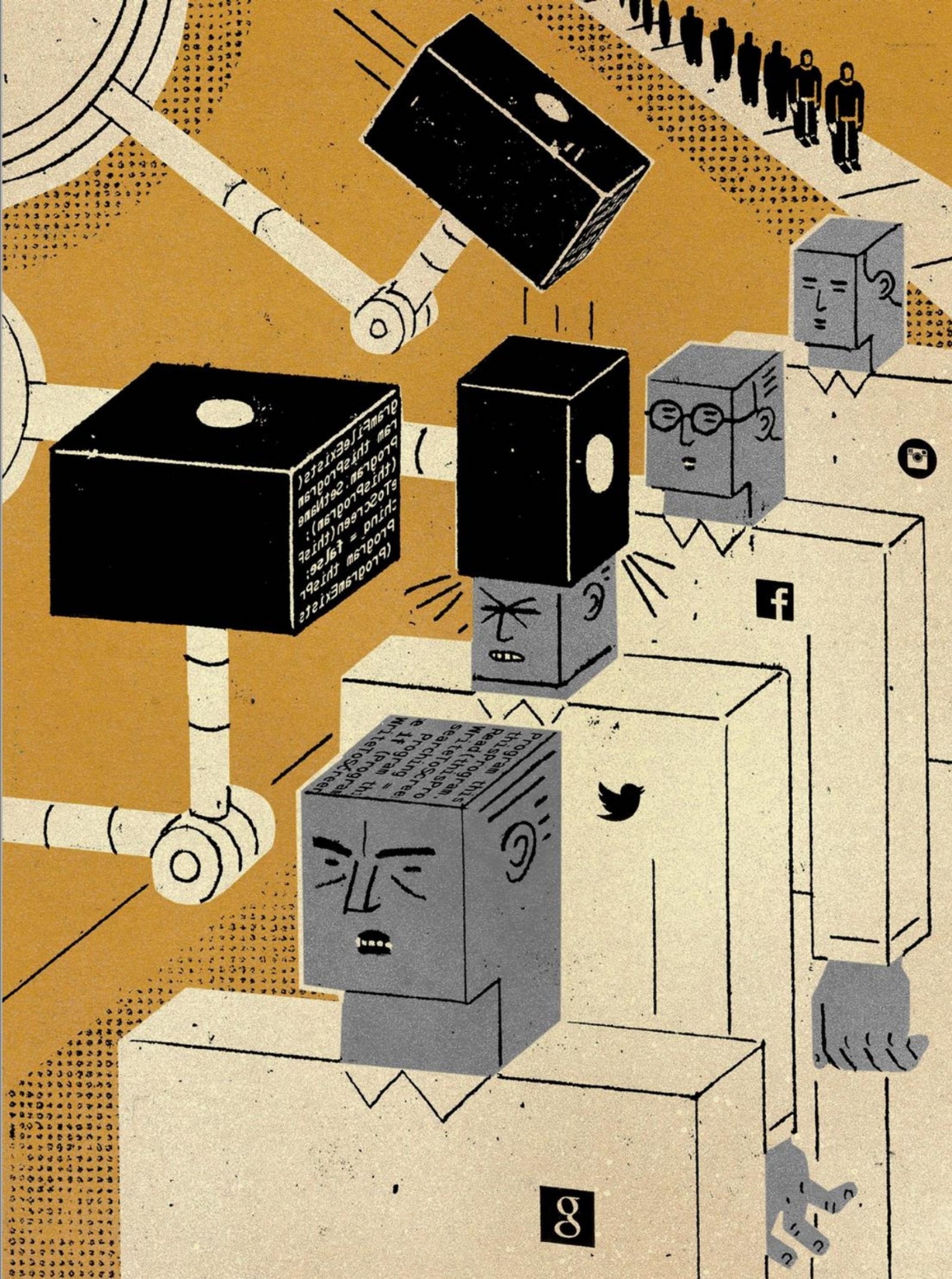
At nine A.M. on a brisk Monday morning, 20 jittery students stand in a stairwell waiting for their first day of Dev Bootcamp. They've arrived in San Francisco from around the world, each paying \$12,200 to attend the so-called hacker school, and count college dropouts, academic expats, bright-eyed 20-somethings, mid-career burnouts, bros fresh out of UCLA, former beauty queens and Google employees among them. Their hope, and the DBC promise, is that with nine weeks of training they will land rock star jobs writing code at one of Silicon Valley's thousands of tech firms.

When the doors fly open, music blares from speakers and the group sprints through a gauntlet of senior classmates cheering and high-fiving them along. Next, a strange icebreaker game begins, and an aspiring programmer shimmies his butt against mine, our arms locked from behind. Students take turns inventing pithy self-descriptors, their quirks and interests revealing volumes of diversity and personalities far removed from the introverted-programmer stereotype. Classmates encircle us and, knowing firsthand the 14-hour days to follow, dispense rough gems of advice, such as "Don't kill yourself the first week."

Whether it's for patching security gaps in billion-dollar software or rendering ideas dreamed up from a Stanford frat star's bong, the demand

for programmers to power this decade's landslide of tech start-ups is surging. To fill the need, DBC uses a new approach to vocational education, replacing nursing and car-repair training with a curriculum dedicated to churning out programmers as fast as possible.

"When I started my software career," co-founder Shereef Bishay has said, "I used about 10 percent of what I learned in college in my first job." His program crams that 10 percent into just over two months, maintaining that the school doesn't produce world-class coders, just "world-class beginners." Launched in a small office in San Francisco's Chinatown in 2012, the program is shockingly successful. To hear DBC tell it, 88 percent of the first graduating class found employment within weeks, with an



average starting salary of \$79,000. By the year's end the school was advertising a 95 percent job-placement rate and salaries averaging \$85,000. Baristas and burger flippers became coders pulling down mid-career wages, while most American college graduates were paid less than half what these instant programmers commanded.

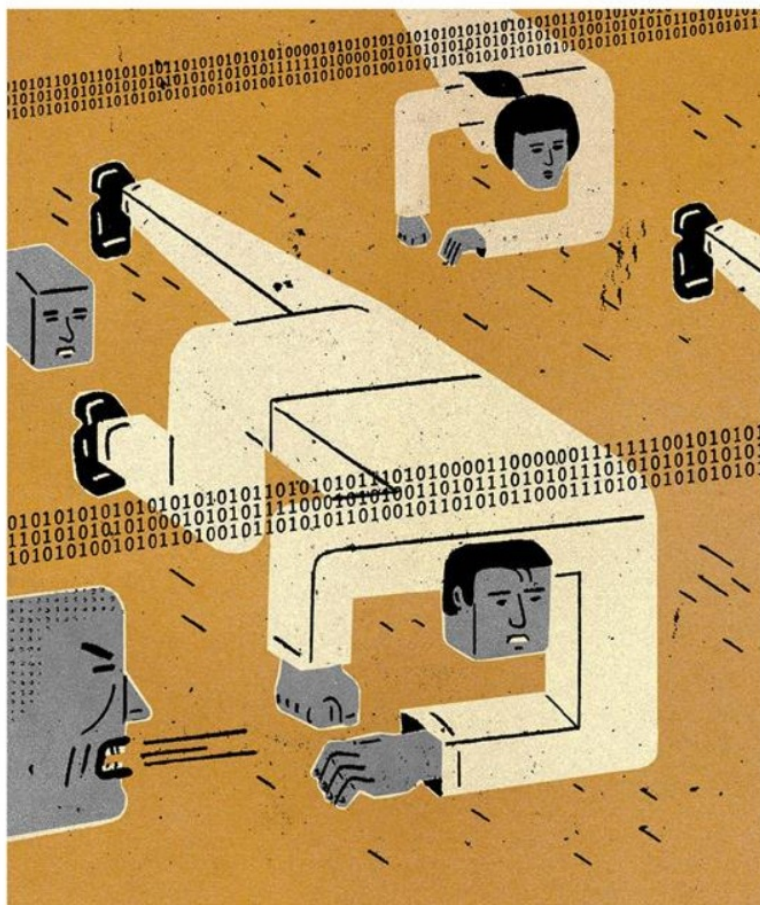
Predictably, enrollment soared. The school has since expanded to Chicago and New York, and more than 15 copycats employing the same model have appeared in San Francisco in the same period. The concept is a shortcut to the American dream, fast-tracking anyone who is reasonably smart toward a million-dollar bay-view condo and a tech job with an employer that feeds you three meals a day, does your laundry, gets you drunk, sends you on team-building vacations, lets you work from home and provides unlimited paid time off. But it has to be too good to be true, right?

"I think they're all getting jobs," explains Jesse Harrison, a technical recruiter in San Francisco. "As long as you were as immersed as you should have been for those nine weeks, there is no way you wouldn't. Whether it's at a cool company or some shitty start-up is unknown." He stresses that the creativity needed to code isn't limited to middle- and upper-class university graduates and that many employers seek candidates who aren't on that track. So why isn't everyone applying to DBC? "I don't know. Maybe they should be," he says. "Maybe I should be. I've thought about it seriously before."

Cruising past the arches of the Golden Gate Bridge and glimpsing the sparkling towers of the city's not-long-ago-vacant South of Market district, or driving down an LED-illuminated span of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and winding through the city, down into the belly of Silicon Valley, it's easy to forget how this technopolis came to be.

During the Great Recession, the Federal Reserve zapped interest rates from 5.25 percent to effectively zero, incentivizing the movement of cash from bank vaults into investments. With Facebook, Twitter and similar companies leading the charge, investors became hungry to find the next tech juggernaut. Today, entrepreneurs and developers with little

(>/: IN NINE WEEKS, BURGER FLIPPERS BECAME CODERS PULLING MID-CAREER WAGES, WITH AN \$85,000 AVERAGE SALARY. ://}



more than a hook, a PowerPoint presentation and a clever name receive millions in seed funding daily from venture capitalists eager to secure stakes in as many projects as possible, knowing the vast majority will fail. They're betting one of them could be the next Facebook. Technology moves so fast it's nearly impossible to tell which idea that will be.

Whether or not you call it a bubble, the cash flood is intensifying. In 2009 Silicon Valley saw a total of 459 investment deals, totaling \$4.4 billion. Two years later, before their IPOs, Zynga alone raised \$867 million and Facebook \$1.5 billion. In 2012 Facebook acquired Instagram for \$1 billion, and in

November 2013 Twitter's IPO share price of \$26 valued the low-revenue company at \$14.2 billion. Within four short years the investment landscape had more than tripled: In 2013, \$12.2 billion in investor cash poured into 1,247 deals. All told, in the past five years \$31.5 billion in capital has flowed into Silicon Valley start-ups and companies that more often than not generate zero revenue, figuring their "pivot" into profitability will come later.

It's an environment in which Facebook's February acquisition of WhatsApp, until then a texting application little known in America, valued the company at \$19 billion. The four-year-old service had half a billion users worldwide and some 50 employees—placing the valuation at \$380 million per—and a sparse \$20 million in annual revenue at the time of acquisition. The deal reportedly gave CEO Jan Koum, a college dropout, a net worth of \$6 billion. In June an iPhone app called Yo, with the sole function of delivering the word *Yo* as a notification, raised more than \$1 million in seed funding. Its creator said it took eight hours to make.

These companies and the capital they generate are the reason schools like DBC exist. The investment deluge has turned programmers into such precious assets that, according to *Forbes*, seven of the top 10 jobs in which recent college graduates are happiest involve programming. That has forced tech giants to raise the bar for Silicon Valley workplaces: Snack rooms, catered meals, haircuts,

massages, acupuncture, nonstop liquor, free gyms, Uber credits, yoga classes, napping stations and subsidized housekeeping are de rigueur. Between 60 and 80 percent of Bay Area start-ups offer unlimited vacation time. One of them, Evernote, awards \$1,000 to employees who actually use the time off. In the *East Bay Express*, reporter Ellen Cushing detailed a Google party with in-lawn pig roasts, an on-site wave machine for surfing and a larger San Francisco culture of financially clueless 20-somethings living hand-to-mouth on \$8,000 a month. "If you don't have other friends," one source told her, "you're surrounded by people telling" *(continued on page 120)*



"Okay, you know what to do if they don't give us candy!"

PLAYBOY *Classic*





ALONG FOR THE RIDE

COME WITH US BACK TO 1984 AS WE REVISIT
THE MASTERFUL WORK OF PHOTOGRAPHER
RICHARD FEGLEY AND THE DAY HE SPENT WITH
PLAYMATES SUZI SCHOTT, JULIE MCCULLOUGH
AND DEVIN DEVASQUEZ TO CREATE THE
SEXIEST SHOOT ON TWO WHEELS









*No map.
No guide.*

A 2,200-MILE RACE

ACROSS

INDIA

ON THREE WHEELS

to outrun the idea of modern travel

Story and photography by Scott Yorko





The city of Jaisalmer protrudes from the Thar Desert like a dirty iceberg encircled by herds of wild camels. The desert sandstone city, an hour from the border of Pakistan, is built around an 858-year-old fortress within whose walls about 4,000 people still live. With only eight inches of rain each year, nothing grows more than knee-high.

On this late December day, however, the streets are populated with sweaty young Westerners sizzling under the sun in delirious costumes—*Bananas in Pyjamas* getups, Union Jack suits, *Where's Waldo?* outfits. Locals on soapboxes try to lure them into street stalls, but these Westerners aren't here for sightseeing. They're here to race.

I'm here looking for a ride. The sweltering city is the starting point of the Rickshaw Run, a daring and dangerous 2,200-mile trek down the entire western flank of the world's second-most-populous country in a three-wheeled, seven-horsepower piece of shit with a fickle lawn-mower engine. Eighty teams have flooded in from Norway, Taiwan, Philippines, New Zealand, Italy, Ireland, Belgium, the U.S. and especially England and Australia. Today is my chance to jump in with any crew willing to take me along.

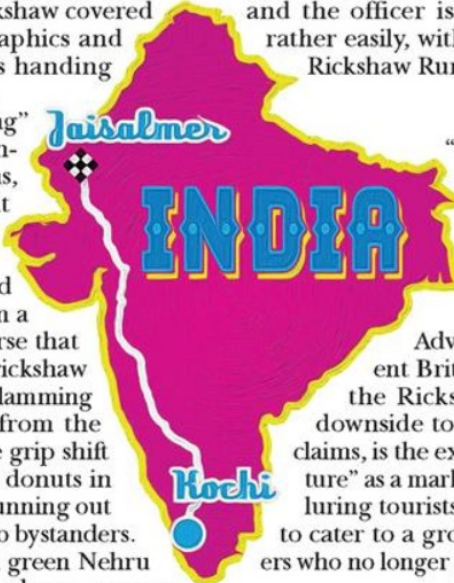
Brightly painted rickshaws cluster in the sandlot, but the vibe is far different from the starting line of a Formula One race. For starters, the thin metal exterior of a rickshaw feels about as sturdy as the coin-operated airplane rides outside grocery stores. Teams who submitted their paint-job designs ahead of time arrive to find local artists' liberal interpretations. The pale, cherubic portraits of three oil-rich Norwegian teens have come out decidedly darker, with thick unibrows and longer sideburns than they'll ever be able to grow. Australian siblings prep a rickshaw with a swirly tie-dyed pattern

complete with a levitating portrait of a wasted-looking Rick James. Tassels, lights, flowers, streamers and a disco ball hang from the black vinyl roof. As I cross the lot, ice-cream-truck jingles fill the air, emanating from a rickshaw covered in ice-cream-cone graphics and surrounded by Kiwis handing out frozen snack bars.

This is the "pimping" portion of the morning's race preparations, when teams can outfit their vehicle. Once the test-driving begins, so does the shit show. Sand swirls as drivers take in a five-minute crash course that covers how to start a rickshaw motor with the elbow-slamming hand lever that juts from the floor. Runners jam the grip shift into first gear and rip donuts in the hot dirt, stalling, running out of gas and crashing into bystanders. The hotel staff, clad in green Nehru jackets and orange turbans, weaves through the chaos, carrying silver platters loaded with discretionarily priced beer.

While I weigh my options, a team of American girls is busted for breaking an ambiguous traffic law. It is enough for a

cop from the local traffic ministry to threaten to shut down the entire event. For a minute it appears as if the Rickshaw Run is over before a single *tuk-tuk* hits the highway. A series of discussions ensues, and the officer is eventually bribed, rather easily, with a new laptop. The Rickshaw Run will go on.



"Our humble little planet used to slap us humans about the cheeks with iron fists of adventure every single day" is the pitch used by the Adventurists, the irreverent British company behind the Rickshaw Run. A major downside to societal progress, it claims, is the exploitation of "adventure" as a marketing catchphrase for luring tourists. The company aims to cater to a growing class of travelers who no longer get kicks backpacking

1. The Adventurists' literature warns of being "seriously injured or dying as a result of taking part." Here, Matt Dickens outlines a list of military zones to avoid during his prerace speech. 2. The Rickshaw Run's starting line in Jaisalmer, an 858-year-old sandstone city. 3. The rickshaw motor is a fickle beast, particularly the carburetor. 4. Eighty teams from Norway to New Zealand took part in one of this year's events.



AT LEFT: JACK HARRIES



1. The Adventurists offers custom rickshaw paint jobs, and runners request everything from Scooby-Doo to Rick James. 2. With no set route to the finish line, runners have found themselves in the middle of riots, weddings and head-on collisions. 3. A rickshaw gets a tow across a flood.

*"India is like
an acid trip.
Don't try to
control it.
You will lose."*

through Europe, following the same Lonely Planet guidebook as everyone else at the local hostel.

For average tourists, "their day-to-day activity is staying in hotels and eating in restaurants," says Tom Morgan, the 35-year-old founder of the Adventurists. "They could just wander the world aimlessly—or take on the challenge of driving a highly inappropriate vehicle across India."

Morgan has made a life of adventure. "I'm from Chichester, the least exciting town in the whole U.K.," he explains. "I had a deep-seated desire to escape." At the age of 12 he built a wooden airplane to fly to the jungle, and as a teenager he backpacked

around Africa, getting robbed in Zimbabwe and trapped at the border in Mozambique.

"It was only when things went seriously wrong that I enjoyed it the most," he says.

An art major in college, Morgan formed the idea for the Adventurists after a disastrous 2001 road trip from the Czech Republic to Mongolia in a Fiat 126. He organized the first Adventurists event three years later: a 10,000-mile race to Mongolia from various parts of Europe. Four teams entered.

Today, the Mongol Rally attracts nearly 300 teams from more than 20 countries, and the Adventurists has grown into a maniacal outfitter for people who want to scare the shit out of themselves while traveling. There's the Ice Run, which sends participants down a 1,200-mile frozen river in the subarctic Siberian wilderness on a Soviet-era sidecar motorcycle.

The Mongol Derby re-creates Genghis Khan's 600-mile postal route across rural Mongolia on native horses. And there's the Mototaxi Junket, off-roading the length of Peru on a motorized tricycle through the Andes and across the Amazon basin.

The Adventurists' website warns, "Your chances of being seriously injured or dying as a result of taking part are high. Individuals who have taken part in the past have been permanently disfigured, seriously disabled or lost their life. You really are putting both your health and your life at risk." There are plenty of crashes, injuries and even problems of international diplomacy. One team spent 28 days stuck at the Russian border, all the while refusing to give up. A rickshaw team trapped in the middle of riots in Bihar, India survived to find an arrow stuck in the side of its vehicle. The Adventurists' guiding principle is that there is no pretense of smooth sailing. Expect things to go very wrong, probably in a very remote location.

The company is no less chaotic. Based in Bristol, U.K., with remote employees in Mongolia, Peru and India, the outfit stages



1. The Adventurists offers three Rickshaw Run "unroutes" every year between Jaisalmer, Kochi and Shillong. 2. Participants include a group of Swiss policemen, the coach of Mexico's Olympic snowboard team, teenage Norwegian oil heirs and lots of Australians. 3. Heavy traffic.



67-year-old British man who plays a mean blues harmonica but has to be carried to bed three nights in a row, having pissed himself at least once.

There is no set demographic of people who are willing to pay roughly \$2,500 to drive three-wheel death machines across India. I meet a group of Swiss policemen, a marketing executive from the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and the coach of Mexico's Olympic snowboard team. There is a set of identical twin girls being driven by their cowboy-hat-wearing, pot-smoking father, and a pair of American bros who decided the Rickshaw Run was for them after hearing about it from a girl in Belize who was robbed at gunpoint on the previous year's run. When I ask a 46-year-old Englishwoman with four kids why she is doing the run, she makes a golf-swing motion and says, "My husband is really boring."

My quest for a racing team actually began several months earlier, in the States. "I'm pretty sure (continued on page 124)

Royal Treatment

See India in style on a reborn classic



Rickshaws run wild, but motorcycles truly power India, and none more so than the Royal Enfield. The company claims to sell 95 percent of the country's bikes in the 250 to 500 cc range. I grabbed the Continental GT (out now in the U.S., \$6,000, enfieldmotorcycles.com). The 535 ccs sent me ripping up to Athirappilly Falls, through the Vazhachal forest and along the windy mountain road beside the Chalakudy River. After 13 days in a rickshaw, the hair-trigger throttle was a welcome change of pace. ✚

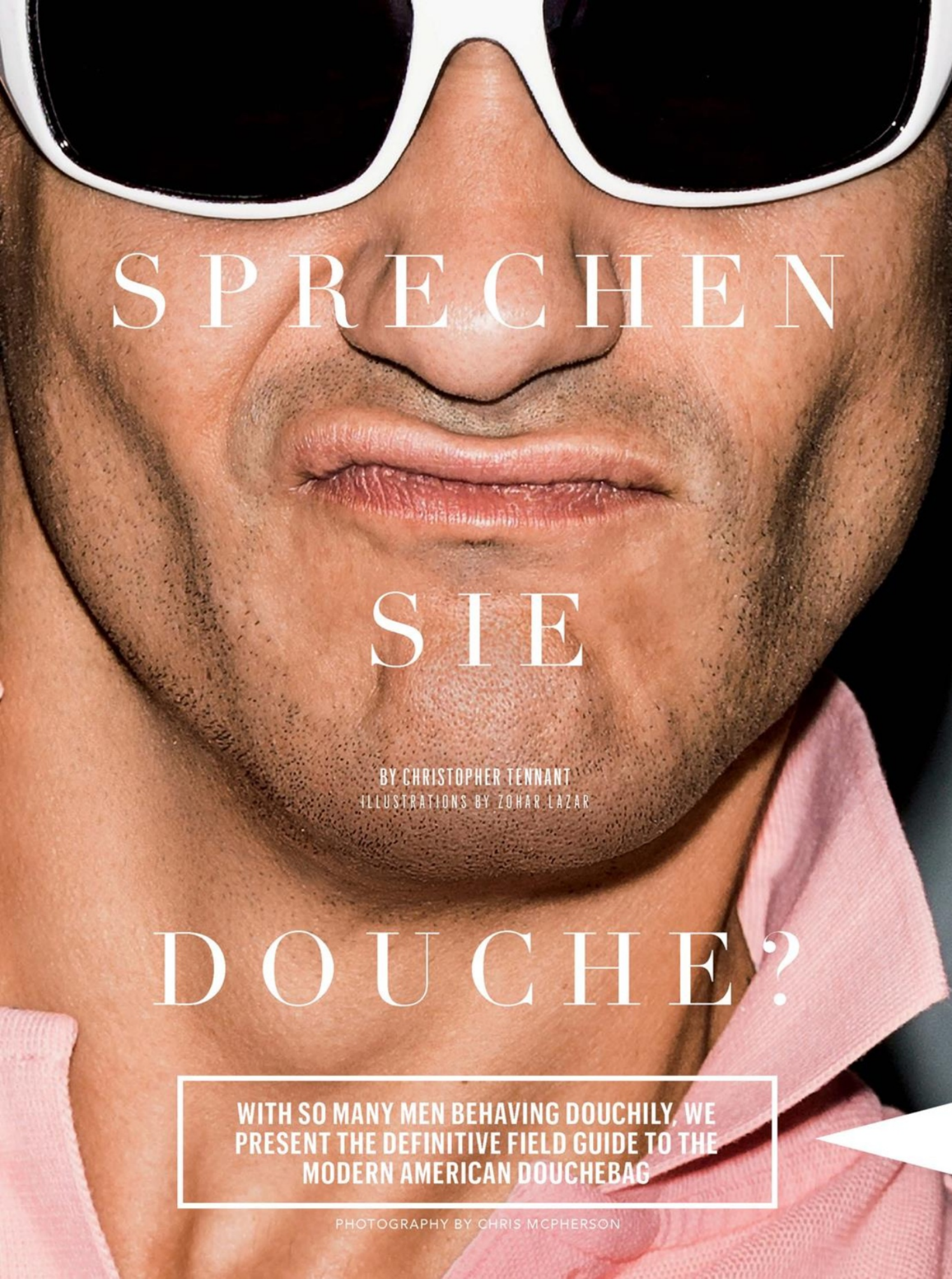
events that are remarkably disorganized—a suitable precedent for the whole experience. A handful of teams show up in Jaisalmer to find that their rickshaws haven't. Several motors won't start. These are minor reminders of the disarray and breakdown of order that lie ahead.

"India is like a fucking acid trip. Don't try to control it. You will lose." This is the best advice Matt Dickens, chief of the Adventurists' India branch and unofficial Willy Wonka, offers on the eve of the race. Dickens's cavalier presentation brushes over basic rules, the need for emergency medical insurance and a list of military zones to avoid.

The safety warnings are immediately lost as the excitement bubbles over, along with booze. Any mob of people eager to drive wobbly tin cans across India carries rowdy genetics, and soon the frigid hotel pool fills with a crew of chubby Irishmen. The Kiwis begin shaving people's heads while Australians ink henna tattoos on the faces of passed-out compatriots. A Norwegian throws a wooden chair into the bonfire as a hotel porter beats up a drunken taxi driver who has crashed the party. I wind up sharing a room with a



"Now tell me where it hurts. I'll kiss it and make it better."



SPRECHEN

SIE

BY CHRISTOPHER TENNANT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ZOHAR LAZAR

DOUCHE?

WITH SO MANY MEN BEHAVING DOUCHILY, WE
PRESENT THE DEFINITIVE FIELD GUIDE TO THE
MODERN AMERICAN DOUCHEBAG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS MCPHERSON

D-DAY

2014



FORGET THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE. There's an even more terrifying menace assaulting our species—and it's real. Witness the ascendance of the modern American douchebag. In finance, politics, tech and media, on TV, in movies and especially on the internet, armies of half-men prove that preening self-promotion and unsportsmanlike conduct are the order of the day. Discretion, dignity, decorum and brotherhood are still admirable qualities, but in our society the dominant message is that these are best left to Grandpa. If you want to get ahead, you have to rock out with your cock out, dick-slapping the rest of humanity in the process. But what specific qualities define the modern douche? Is a social-media manager in Portland who dresses like a Menonite, proclaims himself a feminist and makes his own pickles as douchey as Chris Brown? Of course not. But on close examination, they have a number of traits in common: a desperate need for validation, a peacockish urge to stand out, a smug sense that they're above their fellow man and a tendency to post on Instagram. There used to be a raft of terms to describe a guy who rubbed most other men the wrong way—the lines separating a dick, a prick and a cocksucker, delineated for us in the schoolyard by our elders—but today there's only one. For now, it is *douche*, and it will have to do. The *New Oxford American Dictionary*, which dates the word's slang use to the 1960s, defines *douchebag* as a "loathsome or contemptible person," which really doesn't help much. You recognize a douche when you see one. We all do. But just in case, here's a working taxonomy. Know thine enemy.

DICKS vs. DOUCHES

• As every woman who has ever lived can attest, men are a bunch of dicks. Not all guys, and not all the time, but enough that we have a rep. Dicks are selfish, insensitive, arrogant and aggressive. They're quick to assert their dominance and slow to apologize. They

see life as a battle for scarce resources, with losers on one side and rich, happy dicks with gorgeous wives, giant houses and fulfilling careers on the other. And as much as we scorn them, dicks tend to get things done. Thomas Edison was a giant dick, for example, but you'd be reading this in the dark if he hadn't been. Until quite recently, if you worked hard and strived for greatness, occasional acts of dickishness were, like heart disease, to be expected. Dicks don't try to hide their dickishness. Douches do. Consider the following.



	DICK	DOUCHE
FOX HOST	Bill O'Reilly	Steve Doocy
TECH VISIONARY	Steve Jobs	Sean Parker
ANGRY LIBERAL	Bill Maher	Ronan Farrow
MASTER OF CEREMONIES	Dick Clark	Ryan Seacrest
LATE-NIGHT HOST	Jay Leno	Jimmy Fallon

THE DOMINANT DOUCHE ARCHETYPES

The GUIDOUCHE A.K.A. THE PAULY D-BAG

DOUCHEY DOMAIN

Your local gym, grunting by the free weights

DOUCHE-MOBILE

Dented yellow Hummer H3 with pissing Calvin decal and TruckNutz

BROWSER HISTORY

Avicii's latest

club mix on SoundCloud, Shemale Stokers.com

DOUCHE TOOLS

Hair-trigger temper, menacing dance-floor fist pump

DOUCHEY DREAM

To get his GED and become a cop so he can

"stop cracking heads for free"

DOUCHEY DOWNFALL

A creeping molly addiction, serious bacne

HOLLYWOOD DOUCHE- GANGER

Mike "the Situation" Sorrentino as himself

HISTORY - of the - DOUCHE



33 A.D.

Judas Iscariot betrays his buddy Jesus for 30 pieces of silver.



1959

The world's first self-tanner, Man-Tan, hits shelves, making douches look like tangerines.

THE URBAN DOUCHEOIS

A.k.a. the Artisanal Douche



DOUCHEY DOMAIN

Ethnic neighborhoods with good housing stock and room for bike lanes

DOUCHE-MOBILE

Boxy European smoker from the 1980s, but he's saving for a hybrid

BROWSER HISTORY

Ads for Asian submissives on Craigslist, painstakingly curated Instagram feed

DOUCHE U

Women's studies

D-BAG DIET

\$12 cold-pressed juices and locally sourced, farm-to-table weed

DOUCHEY DREAM

To Kick-start the small-batch vermouth company he's been talking about since 2008

DOUCHEY DOWNFALL

Lack of marketable skills and talent

HOLLYWOOD DOUCHEL-GANGER

Michael Cera in anything

DOUCHEY DOMAIN

The middle echelons of American finance

DOUCHE-MOBILE

Leased black-on-black Range Rover with optional "sport" package

BROWSER HISTORY

High-end hooker reviews on Eros, vintage Panerai listings on eBay, post about his frat's latest pledge fatality on IvyGate

D-BAG DIET

Sugar-free Red Bull, blue-fin sashimi, Adderall XR, protein shakes

DOUCHEY DREAM

To invent the next mortgage-backed security, to make the wife of his best friend "airtight" next time he's out of town

DOUCHEY DOWNFALL

Charging strippers on his corporate AmEx, failing to securely delete his hard drive

HOLLYWOOD DOUCHEL-GANGER

Bud Fox in *Wall Street*

The 1% DOUCHE

A.K.A. THE WOLF OF D STREET



1982

A friend of his older brother calls Elliott a "douche" in *E.T.* It's one of the first times the word is used on-screen.

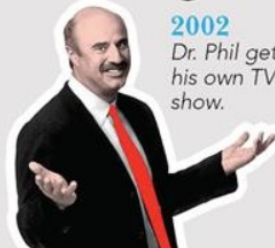
1988

Parisian nightclub Les Bains Douches invents the concept of bottle service. (True story.)



1992

The Real World premieres on MTV. By the end of the decade, 94 percent of all douchebags will have appeared on reality television.



2002

Dr. Phil gets his own TV show.

CELEBRIDOUCHES

If you frequently put yourself in front of a camera, chances are you're a douche. Here are four types to defensively disdain in between taking selfies.



THE CELEBRITY M.D.

- Dr. Oz
- Dr. Drew

One peddles weight-loss cures to desperate fatties; the other puts addicts on display like zoo animals. Both give us that not-so-fresh feeling.



THE BORN-AGAIN D-BAG

- Mark Burnett

After ruining America, the reality-TV pioneer (*Survivor*, *The Voice*, *The Apprentice*, *Are You Smarter Than a 5th Grader?*) recently told *Forbes* he has embraced Christ.



THE SVENGALI DOUCHE

- Scooter Braun
- Kris Jenner

One discovered Bieber; the other bred a superstrain of money-and-fame-hungry douchettes. It's mostly their fault we're in this mess.



THE DOUCHETUBER

- Shane Dawson

Like an STD, douchiness spreads through sharing. The latest batch of undertalented, overexposed "like" junkies puts the d in digital.



DOUCHEY DOMAIN

Suburban office parks, luxury condo developments and indoor driving ranges

DOUCHE-MOBILE

Black convertible with vanity plates and Ron Paul bumper sticker

BROWSER HISTORY

Post about Obama's Al Qaeda ties on Breitbart, his profile on Seeking Arrangement (user name: Cum2-Daddy)

DOUCHE TOOLS

PowerPoint presentations, the latest corporate jargon, "managing up"

DOUCHEY DREAM

To make VP by 45, to see Nickelback live at Hedonism II

DOUCHEY DOWNFALL

Giving his wife chlamydia, crushing alimony payments

HOLLYWOOD DOUCHE-ANGER

Bill Lumbergh in *Office Space*

THE PETIT DOUCHEOIS

A.k.a. the D-Bag Next Door

2003

Dane Cook releases his first CD, *Harmful If Swallowed*, which goes platinum.



2004

Britney Spears marries her backup dancer, a deadbeat dad with cornrows. The line between decency and douchery is briefly known as the Feder Line.



2004

Later that year, early adopter Jon Stewart names conservative columnist Robert Novak the Douche-bag of Liberty.



2006

HotChicksWithDouchebags.com launches.

2006

Jack Dorsey sends the world's first tweet.

#douchemove

THE DOUCHE MATRIX



2007

Jon & Kate Plus 8 debuts on the Discovery Health Channel, introducing America to Jon Gosselin's collection of Ed Hardy T-shirts. The show remains on the air for seven seasons.



2008

Gawker claims "douchebag" is over and calls for a replacement. The site's readers nominate "asshat." It does not catch on.

2009

Kanye West interrupts 19-year-old Taylor Swift's acceptance speech at the MTV Video Music Awards.



2013

Dennis Rodman parties with Kim Jong-un in North Korea. Twice. On the second visit, he is kicked out of his hotel for deucing in the hallway.



2014

A 200-year-old douche is discovered under City Hall in New York.





"You got problems, buddy! They don't even weave this part anymore!"

Mover & Shaker

WITH YOUTHFUL BRAVADO, THIS SELF-DESCRIBED
"HIPSTER WITH A VINTAGE TWIST" EMBRACES ALL OF
LIFE'S GLORIES, FROM ART TO TRAVEL TO BUSINESS
TO SEX. CAN YOU KEEP UP WITH MISS OCTOBER?

You gotta do what you gotta do," says our jet-setting Miss October Roxanna June. "Modeling, traveling the world and writing for the online publication Live Fast Mag, I don't have hobbies—work *is* my hobby." A dual citizen of the U.S. and Canada, Roxanna studied theater and graduated from an arts program near Toronto. But unlike many of the other gorgeous women who migrate to Los Angeles, she doesn't view acting as her long-term goal. "If acting comes to me naturally, I'll pursue it, but I'm not interested in putting a ton of energy into it. I'm quite business savvy and would eventually like to move from modeling to marketing and public relations," she says. "I have always been aware that modeling won't last forever." Which is a titanic reason why, when her agency urged

her to test for PLAYBOY, Roxanna said to bring it on. "Being a Playmate allows you to immortalize the young body you won't always have," she says. So when she arrived at the sun-splashed location of her photo shoot, Roxy, as her friends call her, needed to get au naturel—and wet—pronto. "Get me in that pool," I said to Sasha Eisenman, the photographer. I'd swim in the ocean every

day if I could, but a glamorous swimming pool at a classic Hollywood home? I wasn't mad about that at all," she says with a laugh. As for the sex symbol status that becoming Miss October forever grants

her, Roxanna's full lips smile. "I'm not mad about that either. Being a sex symbol is great, because *sex* is great. Sexuality should be celebrated. I think it should all be out in the open, and everybody should express it every day and just..." She pauses. "Freak on!" We love this girl.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SASHA EISENMAN











MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Roxanna June

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Roxanna June

BUST: 34B WAIST: 25" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 125 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 6/7/91 BIRTHPLACE: Stratford, Ontario

AMBITIONS: To further my modeling career, own my own business and globe-trot like crazy!

TURN-ONS: An adventurous man with a passion for life. Run your fingers through my hair and I'm yours.

TURNOFFS: If you can't have an interesting conversation, I don't want to talk. :P

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: Confidence, Kindness and empathy. And red lipstick doesn't hurt.

SHE ROCKS MY WORLD: RIHANNA. I admire her strong presence and how she doesn't give a f—K!

FAVE ALL-TIME TV SHOW: The Sopranos. I own every single Season on DVD.

HOW I HOPE MY FRIENDS DESCRIBE ME: "She's clever and sweet with a bit of edge. She loves a little badassery."



... Maybe. :)



Incognito in L.A.



And people say models never eat.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A prostitute approached a man at a bar. "This is your lucky night," she said. "I have a special game for you. I'll do anything you want for \$30 as long as you can say it in three words."

He pulled out his wallet, carefully laid three \$10 bills on the bar and said slowly, "Paint... my...house."

A man went to visit a friend at his office, where he found him sitting at his desk, looking very depressed.

"What's up with you?" the man asked.

"Oh, it's my wife," his friend replied. "She hired a new secretary for me."

"Is she blonde or brunette?" the first asked.

"Neither," the other replied. "He's bald."



On his wedding night, a man who'd married a virgin couldn't wait for the big moment. He got naked, jumped into bed and started groping.

"Darling!" his bride shrieked. "I expect you to be as mannerly in bed as you are at the dinner table."

The man calmly backed off and said, "Will you please pass the pussy?"

In a recent interview Jessica Alba said she doesn't do nude scenes because she doesn't want her grandparents to see her boobs. In related news, Alba's grandparents are receiving death threats.

While attending a concert, a husband and wife noticed a very affectionate couple in the next row, running their hands over each other passionately. "I don't know whether to watch them or the stage," said the husband.

"Watch them!" said his wife. "You already know how to play the guitar."

What's the most popular pickup line at a comic book convention?

"Your parents' basement or mine?"

Studies have shown that short-term memory can cause marijuana loss.

A blind man with a guide dog went into a store. Suddenly the man picked his dog up by the tail and started swinging the animal above his head. The store clerk, alarmed by this behavior, asked, "Can I help you?"

"No, it's all right," said the blind man. "Just looking around."

Id appreciate it if you'd stop degrading your girlfriend," a woman told her chauvinist brother.

"I don't want to degrade her, I want to upgrade her," he answered. "I'm buying her bigger boobs."

My wife got me to believe in religion," a guy remarked to his buddy.

"Really?" his friend asked.

"Yes," the man replied. "Until I married her I didn't believe in hell."

Once upon a time a prince asked a beautiful princess to marry him. She said no, and the prince lived happily ever after riding motorcycles, fucking cute girls and leaving the toilet seat up.

A patient said to his doctor, "I suffer from premature ejaculation. Can you help me?"

"I doubt it," said the doctor. "But I can introduce you to a woman with a short attention span."

During debates, Mitt Romney called Hillary Clinton "clueless." When reached for his reaction, Bill Clinton responded, "I wish."



Will Neiman

You don't sound so well today," a woman told her female business partner.

"I have a sore throat," the partner responded.

"I have the best cure," the first said. "Each time I have a sore throat I blow my husband and I immediately feel better."

The next day the partner walked into work with a smile on her face.

"Did you do what I suggested?" the first asked.

"Yes, and thanks for the tip," the second said. "Your husband couldn't believe it was your idea!"

Guys are like bras: They hook up behind your back.

Women are like condoms: They spend more time in your wallet than on your dick.

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com.



"That's it! Hold it right there and think."



BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT HOYLE

HOW CAN YOU PLAY A LIKABLE DICK? THE MASTER OF CREEPINESS EXPLAINS ALL

Q1

PLAYBOY: You've played a lot of jackasses in movies including *Hot Tub Time Machine* and on TV shows such as *Childrens Hospital*. When you were a *Daily Show* correspondent you were referred to as a Masshole. Why are you so believable at pretending to be a dick?

CORDDRY: I think my take on the dick is nonthreatening. I'm the dick you tolerate because he's harmless and he reminds you of somebody you hang out with. There's a great line in *Hot Tub* that sums it up. They're talking about my character and they admit, sure, he's an asshole, "but

he's *our* asshole." [laughs] It's the truth. My manager used to call me "creepy but accessible." He was like, "You can play a dick and people don't hate you." It's the only thing I can do naturally, that I don't have to think about.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You've done a lot of nude scenes, beginning with your major film debut in *Old School*. We've seen your naked butt way more often than seems necessary.

CORDDRY: I apologize for that. I have no problem

showing my butt in a movie, but then when you see it on the big screen, it's a little much. I didn't realize this until recently, but apparently I have a terrible clenching problem when I'm nervous. It looks like garbage, my ass. But trust me, you're lucky it's not full frontal.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Why? Your penis is worse?

CORDDRY: I'll be honest with you. My penis is beautiful when it's fully presented. Gorgeous. But when it's not, when it's in its natural state, it's... not pleasant. I can't get my pubic-hair-trimming strategy down right. It looks like a little boy with a wig on his cock. And I have a very tight scrotum. I'm so glad you asked about this, because I don't think there's anything **PLAYBOY** readers are more interested in than the tightness of my scrotum.

Q4

PLAYBOY: In the movie *Hell Baby*, you and Riki Lindhome have a three-minute nude scene together that feels like the longest one ever filmed. Was it awkward or awesome?

CORDDRY: It was pretty amazing and surreal. My job was basically to look at a completely naked good friend and rub lotion on her back. I was naked too, but I got to put a towel on almost immediately. I was like, "Well, this is going to be embarrassing, but it's also going to be kind of awesome." I'm not opposed to seeing Riki naked. Literally the first thing that popped into my head was, She's so sparkly. Her skin just glows. It's lovely. That's my biggest memory of the whole thing—her blinding, *Twilight* skin.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Your wife didn't mind?

CORDDRY: I don't know if my wife is the coolest woman in the world or if she just doesn't think about it, but she does not give a shit. She really doesn't. She's like, "Oh, you're getting naked with a friend today? That's cool. Have fun." Afterward she'll be like, "What were her tits like?" When a woman says something

like that to you, that's how you know you need to marry her.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You have your wife's name tattooed on your shoulder. Aren't you setting yourself up for a divorce?

CORDDRY: Well, her name is Sandy, so I can always change it to "sandy beaches" or "Sandy Point" or "Sandy in my toesies" or something. My wife actually mentioned that too. I would put money

on us sticking it out for the long haul, but she said to me, "What if we end up getting a divorce?" I said, "Sandy, if we get a divorce, the least of my worries will be a tattoo of a name on my shoulder."

Q7

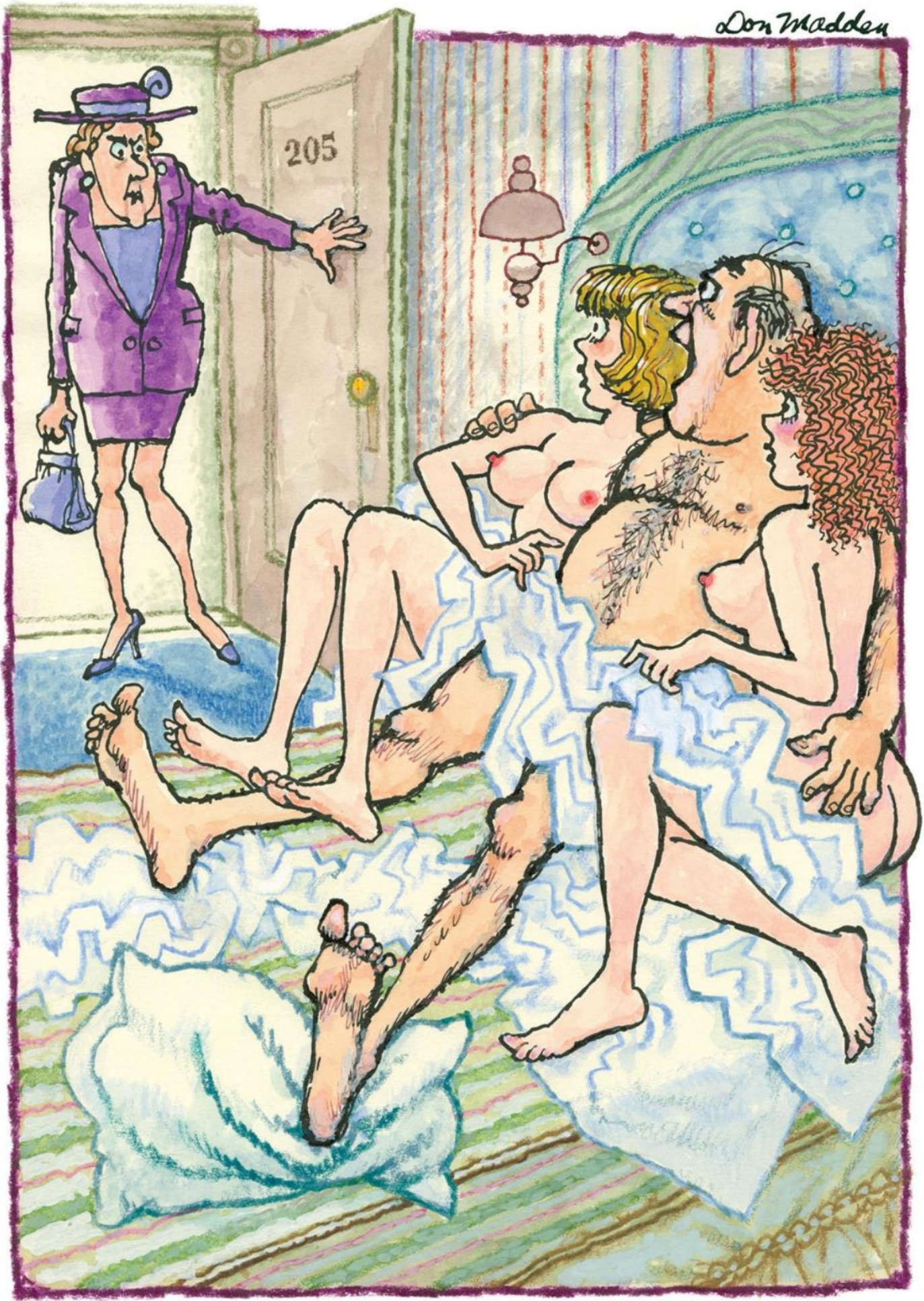
PLAYBOY: You created, write, produce and star in the Adult Swim series *Childrens Hospital*. You reportedly came up with the idea while taking your daughter to an actual children's hospital. If that's true, it's horrible on many levels.

CORDDRY: It really is, isn't it? It was the worst. But here's the funny thing—and let me preface this by saying it's not funny at all. The funny thing is that while we were in the waiting room, the doors burst open and a bunch of doctors and nurses came through with a gurney, calling out "stat" and stuff like that. My first thought was, Wow, this is just like one of those hospital TV shows. But then you realize the person on the gurney is child-size, because it's a children's hospital. It was such a weird thing to have one side of my brain saying, This is so cool, and the other side saying, Oh my God, this is unbearably

(continued on page 128)

I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU. MY PENIS IS BEAUTIFUL WHEN IT'S FULLY PRESENTED. GORGEOUS.





"But we agreed when I retired I could pursue any hobby I wanted."

An underwater photograph of a party scene. A man with long hair and sunglasses sits on a red lounge chair, drinking from a red cup. To his left, a woman swims towards him. To his right, another woman swims away. Several red plastic cups float in the water. Sunlight filters through the water, creating patterns on the man's chest.

Playboy's

TOP PARTY SCHOOLS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS MCPHERSON

2014

**WE'VE CRUNCHED
THE NUMBERS
AND TALLIED THE
EMPTIES. HERE ARE
THE TOP 10 COLLEGES
FOR GETTING AN
ADVANCED DEGREE
IN GOOD TIMES**

T

The fine American tradition of hitting the books and the bars equally hard has evolved in recent years. Yes, an institution worthy of inclusion on our annual list of top party schools still needs to offer numerous and frequent opportunities for collective debauchery. But these days colleges have been offering more creative approaches to partying, along with world-class nightlife and musical events that make the competition even fiercer. Here's this year's best of the best, as well as a look at schools that are expanding the definition of what constitutes a good time.



1

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

High IQ meets high ABV

- Smarties can party too, and UPenn puts other Ivies to shame with its union of brains, brewskies and bros. Boasting a notorious underground frat scene that school officials have deemed a nuisance, these renegades pony up thousands of dol-

lars' worth of liquor for their parties—and competition among the houses means a balls-out war of debauchery. Aboveground, casual sex is rampant, as coeds value careers over coupling. Philly's boisterous bar scene keeps off-campus-carousing options numerous. School-sponsored day drinking hits a high note during Spring Fling, an outdoor music fest that pulls in acts such as Passion Pit, Tyga and Janelle Monáe and turns the Quad into a sloshed mosh pit.

2

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Go bold in the cold

- At the axis of beer, cheese and snow sits Madison, where nightlife options are limited only by your ability to drink away the freeze. There's a tailgating scene that puts Texas to shame, along with scores of bars near State Street, dozens of house and frat parties and a worthy roster of drunchies.

Plus, the nationally renowned citywide celebrations for Halloween and the springtime Mifflin Street Block Party make Ibiza look like Club Med in comparison.



CLASS ACTION

We scoured this year's course catalogs in search of an academic approach to partying. Ready to hit the books for a lesson in revelry? Here are our picks for a fantasy class schedule.

9 A.M.

INTRODUCTION TO WINES, BEERS AND SPIRITS

Oregon State University

- Get your bachelor's degree in brewing beer, and impress your friends with your craft brews at the next rager. An on-campus brew house makes it safer to repeatedly sample your product for quality control.

11 A.M.

THE CLUB DJ

Columbia College Chicago

- Tired of listening to your buddy's Spotify playlist every weekend? This course teaches you how to master the turntables. Requirements include three hours of practice outside class. Translation: Throwing parties is now homework.

3 P.M.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF MILEY CYRUS: RACE, CLASS, GENDER AND MEDIA

Skidmore College

- Spend a semester delving into the life and times of America's top party girl, Miley Cyrus. Topics include twerking and tongue darting, with a lesson on how to "Party in the USA."

3

VASSAR: COOLEST INDIE MUSIC SCENE

This upstate New York college has long provided its students with a music program of which even the toughest Pitchfork critic would approve. Hipster favorites MS MR, Beach House and Genghis Tron all first saw the light of day on Vassar's campus. The small town of Poughkeepsie doesn't offer much in terms of entertainment, so parties remain small-scale and close to campus. But for the restless, a 90-minute train ride will get you to New York, where even more music awaits.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY

*Institute for the
collegiately insane*

• Most schools celebrate football victories by drinking. Mountaineers do it by drinking and burning couches. WVU has a reputation for raging at the highest level. Morgantown has perfected a balance of Greek, bar and house-party scenes, and West Virginia's irrational love of football is the catalyst for chaos. To wit: A 2003 headline reads **BEDLAM AT WVU REMAINS A CAMPUS SORE SPOT**. Tradition is a beautiful thing.



4

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

School of the wet and wild

• Zona students are experts in that wonderful combination of hydration, inebriation and sartorial minimalism otherwise known as the pool party. The king of them all is the annual Sigma

Alpha Epsilon Jungle Party, which features a 65,000-gallon pool, a faux waterfall and a massive tree house. But you need not go Greek to go hard: Tucson's Fourth Street bar scene teams with partying Wildcats whose hangovers can be mitigated with some of the best Mexican food in the country.



5

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Raising the bar

• Hawkeyes' commitment to partying is evident in their willingness to brave inhumane circumstances: shatteringly cold winters, then sweltering humidity come warm weather. Iowa City's nightlife scene remains a balmy constant, though, with most bars and clubs allowing entry to students over the age of 19. Regular spots include the Mill, the Summit and Sports Column, but after 10 p.m. house parties on the prairie are the place to be for committed Midwestern party hounds.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SANTA CRUZ

*Institute of higher
learning*

• Long before other states adopted a lenient attitude toward THC, UC Santa Cruz was a premier nature-loving pot-head's paradise. You're deep in the redwoods and within

biking distance of the Pacific Ocean, and the campus is an idyllic place to smoke the day or night away. We're declaring the school's April 20 smoke-out America's best: At last year's event, cops seized a four-foot-long, two-and-a-half-pound joint worth more than \$5,000.



7

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

Vice City's university of vice

• With Magic City in its backyard, the University of Miami has more bikinis, EDM and free-flowing tequila than Cabo during spring break. The coastal campus provides ready access to Ultra Music Festi-

val and Miami Music Week, which makes all-night raving and pool parties just another part of the curriculum. When not shuffling to thumping beats, Hurricanes skip class and saddle up to happy hour at on-campus bar the Rat before busing up to South Beach and Brickell, where fake IDs give access to some of the best nightlife and DJs in the country. Pro tip: Hook up with the wealthier kids so you can party on their parents' yachts in the bay.

8

COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY

Get housed

• The many bars that line College Avenue in Fort Collins's Old Town offer the standard raucous diversions, but Fort Fun's legendary house parties are where CSU really distinguishes itself. These fests can encompass whole blocks, and more than a few have blown up into SWAT-required riots. Since Colorado turned green last year, Rams have been enjoying the Rocky Mountain highs alongside FoCo's can't-beat-'em vistas.

PARTY PIONEER

OBERLIN: SEXIEST SMALL SCHOOL

College orientation and sexual orientation collide at this famously progressive campus. New students are handed sex kits (contents: condoms, lube, mints) instead of rubrics. Sex ed is an all-out celebration, not a class. At the annual Safer Sex Night party, scantily clad Obies pack into the 'Sco bar in the student union to let loose their desires while raising sexual awareness. Kids take their clothes off, stock up on free condoms, watch porn and take home sex toys. It's educational. And we're all for this kind of carnal knowledge.



9

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

The longhorniest school

• As if Longhorns didn't already have practically everything they need on their sprawling, well-situated campus, the city of Austin also hosts about five music festivals per capita every

year. If SXSW party crashing or open-air revelry at Austin City Limits in Zilker Park won't do, Sixth Street is a standby for sousing. The quintessential spot is the Aquarium, where dancing on the bar is encouraged. For a more civilized drinking experience, students can save up their beer money and splurge at one of the city's many mixology bars.



SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

Orange is the new booze

• Syracuse kids bleed orange as much as they bleed booze and are shameless in their exploits. Sex in the library? Recommended. Braving the hedonism of MayFest, the annual spring marathon of music and drinking? Advisable. Zedd, 2 Chainz and Kesha

have performed here. Off-campus students let loose in the streets among tolerant cops and rally at Castle Court, a parking lot flanked by apartments that is a mecca for tailgating and general debauchery. And with a respectable football team in the Atlantic Coast Conference, drinking beer for breakfast on Saturday is common practice.

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

SOMETHING ANCIENT WELLING UP

MAX WAS HAVING YET ANOTHER
UNEVENTFUL DAY AT HIS ROADSIDE TOURIST TRAP.
THEN THE MYSTERIOUS METAL BOX ARRIVED

BY NOLAN TURNER

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, IRVINE

The shack was silent except for the hum and flicker of the neon sign that lured delirious drivers off the highway. I was next to the till inside the Dino Hut, fighting with a can of fruit cocktail and working up a sweat, when I decided to go outside and smoke a joint. My only customer in three days had just left angry. He'd paid the \$5 admission to see the velociraptor, which apparently left him too underwhelmed to spring for the Dino Bites, our repackaged turkey jerky that pushed the profit train. The raptor came from a McDonald's *Jurassic Park* promotion in 1993 and looked realistic from a distance.

The morning sun was full and dripping in the sky like a canned pear packed in syrup—all sloshing around. The two-lane strip that connected Brigham City to the myriad bays of the northern Salt Lake was dry and cracked. I leaned against the front of the shack and took a long drag, listening to the warble of the telephone wires shaking in the wind. I'd come to live with Tommy Pitts, my father-in-law, two months ago in an effort

ILLUSTRATION BY

DANIEL ZENDER

SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS









or the past 28 years, students have competed for the honor of winning PLAYBOY's College Fiction Contest. This year, Nolan Turner of the University of California, Irvine wins for his story *Something Ancient Welling Up*. Students of Marshall Arisman at the School of Visual Arts in New York also compete to illustrate the fiction. Daniel Zender's winning entry is shown on the preceding pages. On the opposite page, clockwise from top left, are illustrations by runners-up Claudia Griesbach-Martucci, Cun Shi, Steve Cup, James Kerigan, Amanda Moeckel and Benjamin Wheatley. For information on next year's contest, see page 133.

to get my head on straight. He'd purchased the property—six acres of dry and yellowed farmland close enough to taste the pucker of the Great Salt Lake—a few years prior off an old-timer who'd been taken to the cleaners by one of those over-the-phone scams. The agreement was room and board in exchange for running his tourist trap.

An old pickup rumbled down the road, hauling a large metal box behind it. It turned onto the road that led to the Pitts household next door, stopping in front to unhitch. Oliver Cromwell, Tommy's chocolate Lab named for a long-shot Thoroughbred that had once won him six figures, darted across the field, barking at the truck. The load it carried was the size of a U-Haul that you'd use to move into a two-bedroom town house. Oliver barked and barked, making quick laps around the box, and I whistled for him and he came running. Up in the sky, a plane owned by the Mormon Church specifically used to skywrite scripture whizzed by, spelling out THE SPIRIT AND THE BODY SHALL BE REUNITED AGAIN IN ITS PERFECT FORM in paper-white exhaust. Oliver and I headed for the house.

Inside, Tommy was hunched over the kitchen counter, watching tennis on one of those eight-inch portable TVs. It was eight A.M. and he filled two highballs with Sailor Jerry and pineapple juice. He unscrewed a bottle of sloe gin and gave each glass a splash and then handed one over. Sunlight bent in through the kitchen window. Tommy had charred a slab of bacon. He looked like he hadn't slept, and judging from the yelling I'd heard the night before, it was safe to say he hadn't. Sloe gin drained down the highball.

"Breakfast is ruined," he said. Smoke came from the skillet and Tommy sat down beside me. "You're riding solo on that one."

"You're back on the sauce," I said.

"Fall off one wagon and you fall off them all," he said. "I believe it was Gandhi who said that."

Jerusha's cowboy hat, the one with the imitation turquoise lodged in the center, was missing from the hook by the fridge. Tommy lit a menthol and tried to play it cool. "She has rented a room at the Tabernacle Inn," he said. "Indefinitely."

"Nice facilities."

"Oh," he said, "the best."

The dog made tight circles next to the oven and whined. Tommy stood up and tossed him a rock of bacon. I took a drink. "Mind if I ask what it was?"

Tommy sighed and adjusted the rabbit ears of the set. "I found my way into a hot tip about the Alabama-Rice game. Had it on good authority that Bama's QB was in the middle of a spiritual awakening and couldn't complete a pass to Jesus Christ."

"Rice won that game," I said. "The payout must have been big."

"Old Testament big," Tommy said. "That's the issue. I think Jerusha would've been happier if I lost. Can you imagine? Looks like it'll just be us boys for a while." The dog sat on his stomach and gnawed on the bacon. The television fuzzed and cracked through the tennis match, and Tommy watched. He took a long swig.

HE MADE SPORTS BETS WITH THE
KIND OF CLARITY WITH WHICH
A HEART SURGEON MIGHT
DISSECT A FROG.

"So," I said, "there's a metal box out front. Big one. Looks like it could hold a pack of horses."

"The box—yeah, the box. That's something worth talking about. Why don't we go and rustle up some breakfast?"

The phone rang and Tommy answered it. I imagine it was Sheila, as Tommy had a certain way of speaking to his daughter. He left the room. It had been six months since I had been unfaithful to Sheila with the dishy woman who did our taxes and wore too much perfume. I went in for a consultation and she told me that an audit wouldn't be out of the question, given the shady state of the numbers, and things went hazy. I asked her out and she said okay, fine, but if your marriage goes up on account of this, don't think you're staying with me. Sheila found out when I came home smelling like copy paper and rosewater and told me that I was no longer welcome around the house. She liked what Utah had done for Tommy and

thought that maybe I could sober up spiritually if I joined him.

Tommy walked back into the kitchen and stubbed his cigarette. "Let's head into town," he said. "Moroni's Strumpet has a brunch buffet that hasn't killed me yet."

"Did Sheila want a word with me?"

"I hope Sapphire is working today."

"Damn it, Tom, did she ask about me? I'm going to call her."

"You know she spooks easy," he said. "I'd hold off on that. Let's go for a ride."

We got our stuff together and walked through the house. In the living room were the taxidermied heads of animals Tommy said he had killed through the years—an eight-point buck, a gorilla, a white rhino. They hung on the walls next to the TV and stared. Outside, Oliver Cromwell rushed back to the box and gave it another round of sniffs.

"This box is going to turn a couple of things in my favor," Tommy said. "Sure as hell going to allow me to cut my losses on that old junk shack you've been running."

"What's in it?"

"Can't tell you yet," he said. "Gotta get a few things lined up first."

"I think I'm going to stick around," I said. "Man the Hut for a little."

Tommy got into his car and wished me luck. The jagged ridges in the distance cut a long and messy shadow across the plains.

I didn't meet Tommy Pitts until three years after Sheila and I got hitched. On our wedding day, she had an old college professor give her away and she told me he was her father. I shook his hand and offered to buy him a drink. The real Tommy Pitts, I found out, was slinking around the Midwest. He made sports bets with the kind of clarity with which a heart surgeon might dissect a frog. He made a

killing by betting on the Red Sox to win the 2004 ALCS after going down three games to zip and started living the high life. Sheila was through and cut off all contact. Up until recently, Tommy had been clean and bet-free for four solid years, and Jerusha kept him honest.

Oliver Cromwell and I walked back through the house, and I took another beer. I settled out on the back patio and dropped a few splashes of Bud into Oliver's water dish. He slurped away as the sun shot lightning bolts of heat across the open field. I took my phone and I dialed. Sheila picked up.

"Hello, Miss," I said. "I'm calling on behalf of the Dino Hut. It's about a few unpaid visits to the velociraptor."

"I haven't a clue what you mean, sir. I'll have you know I am very close friends with the owner of your establishment. We go back three decades. I could have you fired."

"It's good to hear your voice."

"Go and

(continued on page 130) 107

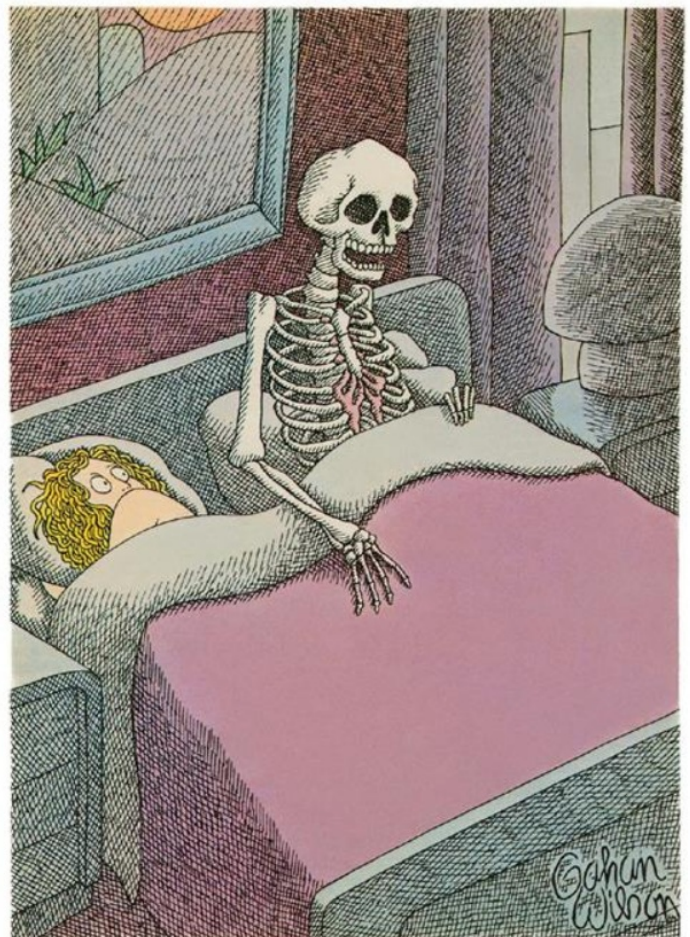
The Weird World Of Gahan Wilson



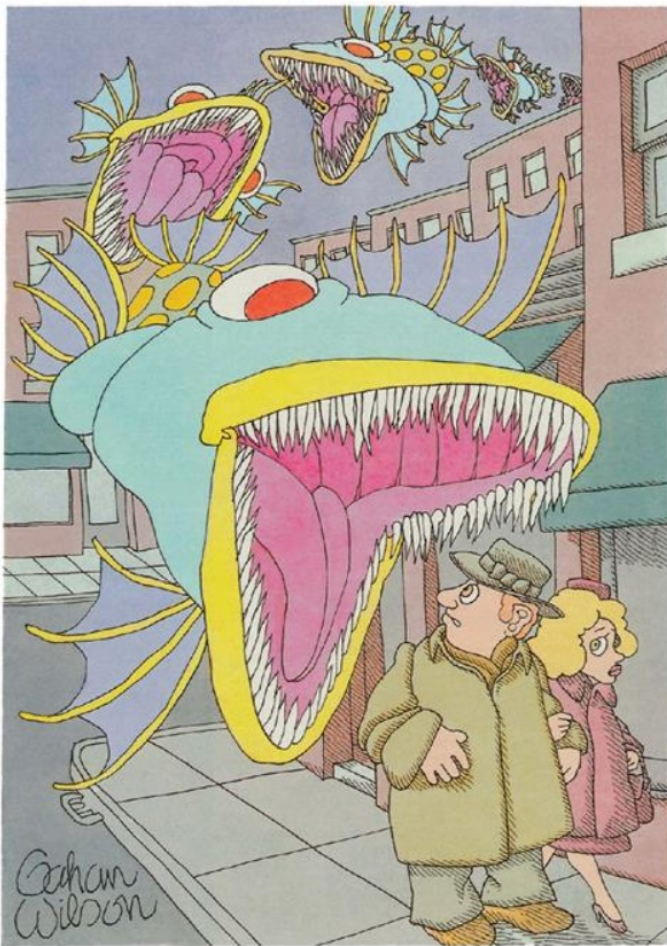
"As my late husband here used to say..."



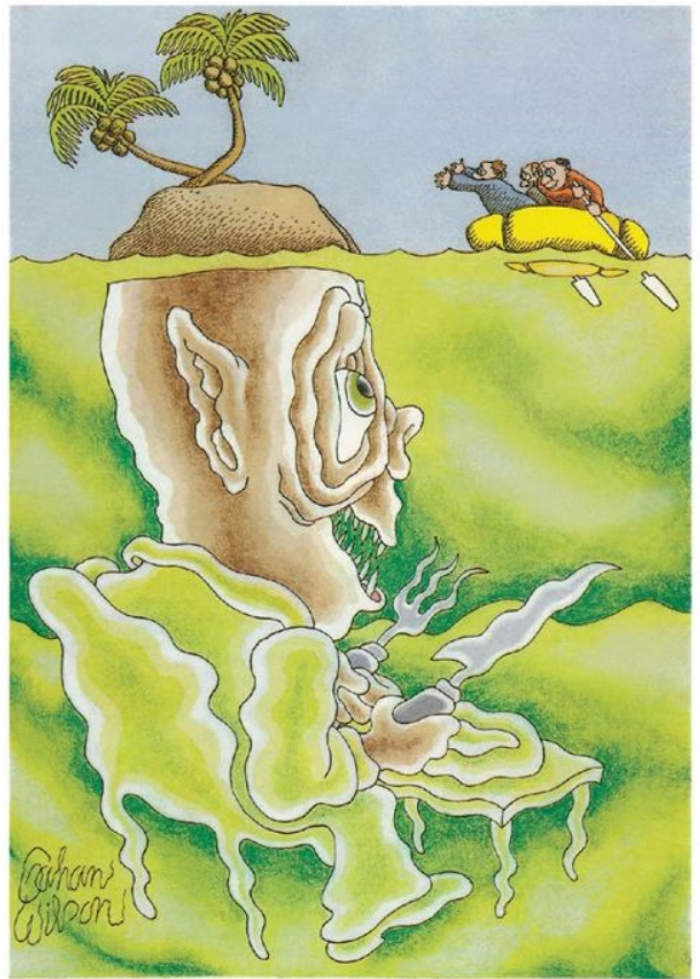
"I'm so glad you've called to offer me this investment opportunity because it gives me a chance to test my new telephonic death ray."



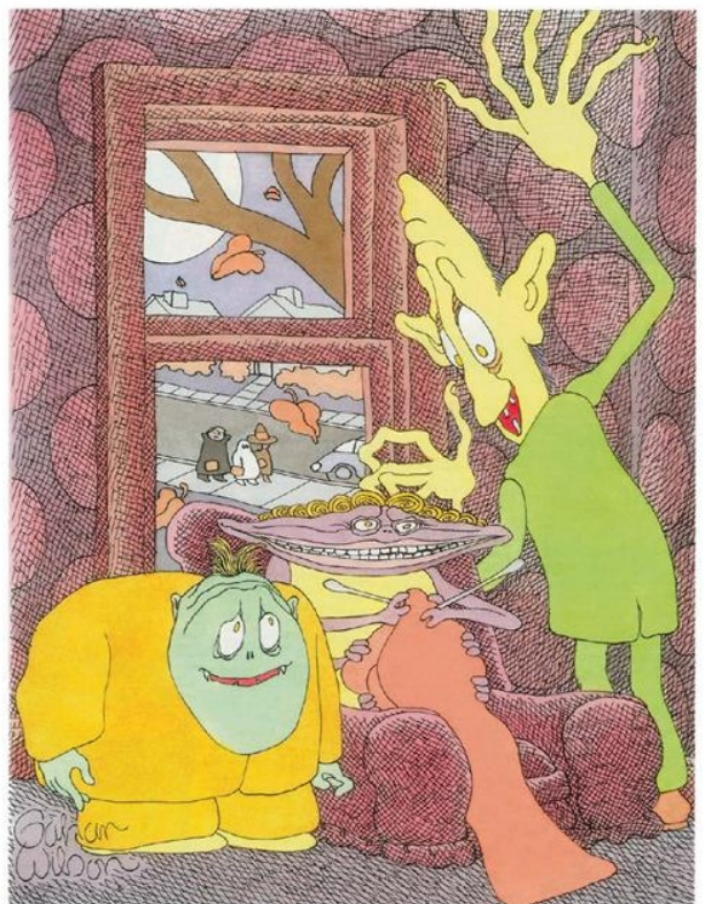
"I've just had the most horrible dream!"



"I don't like the looks of this!"



"I won't bring any more friends home unless you let me play with them first!"



"What do you say—just this once—we go out and trick or treat?"

GIRLS
OF THE



A LITTLE
BEAUTY
AND BRAINS
TO BREAK
OUT OF THE
SCHOOL
DAZE



JARED RYDER

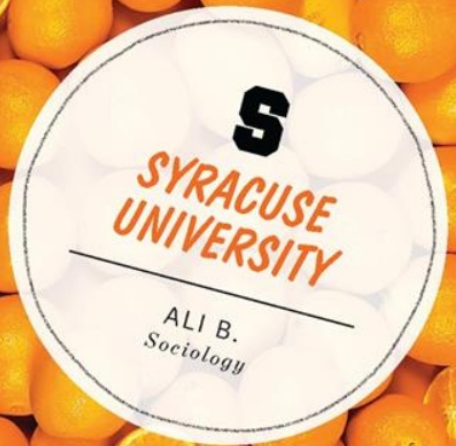
ALL STYLING BY VALISSA YOE

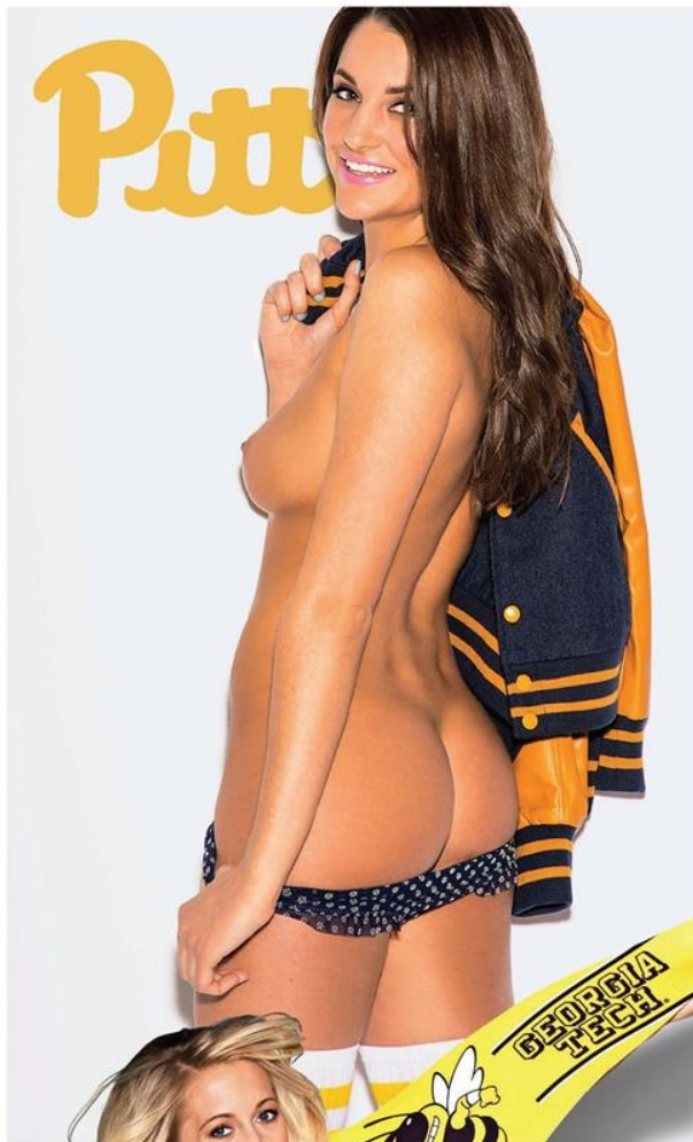
A

Any college hoops fan knows that the route to the title usually makes a stop somewhere on Tobacco Road. And as of this year, the Atlantic Coast Conference also counts 2013 national basketball champ Louisville as one of its own. Add 2014 national football champ Florida State and top 10 *PLAYBOY* party schools University of Miami and Syracuse, and life is pretty good in the ACC. Plus, as you'll see here, the beautiful coeds make for championship-caliber campus life. We like to call this an embarrassment of riches.



U
**UNIVERSITY
OF MIAMI**
HANNAH MARTI
Business





Pitt

**UNIVERSITY
OF
PITTSBURGH**

ALICIA BARTON
(top left)
• Marketing

NC

**UNIVERSITY
OF NORTH
CAROLINA**

JESSICA TAYLOR
(top right)
• Art



**GEORGIA
TECH**

ARIEL
(bottom left)
• Psychology



**VIRGINIA
TECH**

SAMMIE LYNN
(top left)
• Marketing



**NORTH
CAROLINA
STATE**

MAXXY
(top right)
• Design studies



**UNIVERSITY
OF MIAMI**

BARBRA LEE
(left)
• Psychology






**NORTH
CAROLINA STATE**
—
NICOLE
Art and design





WF

**WAKE
FOREST**

ALEXANDRA
LEIGH
(top left)
• Biology



**BOSTON
COLLEGE**

TANYA T.
(top right)
• Business



DUKE

KATY ERIN
(bottom left)
• German



**UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA**

SANDRA JEAN

(top left)

• Psychology



**NOTRE
DAME**

NATALIA
ANASTACIA

(top right)

• Theater



LOUISVILLE

OLIVIA

(left)

• Bioengineering





UNIVERSITY
OF NORTH
CAROLINA

BRITTANY ANN
BOUDREAULT
Business management



REBOOT CAMP

Continued from page 64

you this is normal." Who wouldn't pay \$12,200 to join them?

The first butt I rubbed that morning belonged to Roy, a slim, 24-year-old Korean American with dark shoulder-length hair that often drapes over his friendly face. He was the product of a tumultuous childhood and a single mother who always dreamed Roy would go to college. "I just couldn't do that," he tells me. "We were angry—not at each other, just angry." After high school he briefly attended Northwest Missouri State and moved in with his girlfriend. When they broke up, he sold washing machines by day and trained to become an EMT at night while working the graveyard shift at Walmart. He barely slept, and when he couldn't find a job as an EMT, he moved back in with his mom, taking a four A.M. shift at Starbucks. That's when his new girlfriend sent him an article about Dev Bootcamp.

Recounting his path to DBC, he reflects on how he thought he'd reached the end of the line before he arrived. He pauses before returning to his coding group. "I have no idea what I'd do if it weren't for this place," he says.

Roy isn't the only student who tried—and fled—traditional college. Ricardo, a 26-year-old first-generation Salvadoran American, dropped out of a few. After high school he dreamed of becoming a doctor. He spent time as a hospital volunteer, spooning ice to patients with morphine dry mouth, until he met an actual physician. "He told me he went through with medical school only because he couldn't turn back," Ricardo remembers. "He said, 'Once you get so far in, you have all these loans and expectations. You can't get out.'" Ricardo dropped out of his biology program at Miami Dade College and moved to Utah, quietly trying and leaving colleges.

Determined to find success outside academia, he steadily grew \$7,000 into \$70,000 by trading Apple stock options during the company's post-iPhone run-up. By the time he was 24, he was sitting

on \$85,000. When the stock crested in the mid-\$300s, he quit his IT job to become a full-time trader. Then, during the market's 2012 fall, he became his own worst enemy. "I got greedy," he says. "Instead of capping my losses, I blew it all." Afterward he spent a year saving up for DBC while working at a communications technology company.

"In America it's bludgeoned into people that college is the only way to get what you want," he says. "I just don't believe that." He's far removed from the dropout stereotype: well groomed, well fed, funny and polite. His appearance is a testament to his ideals. "I believe if you're motivated and have a work ethic, you can get where you want to go," he says. "College is not the only path."

Not that all DBC students are without degrees. Anne has two. A middle child from Nebraska whose father was a professor, she was the consummate straight-A student. Her bachelor's degree in Arabic from Middlebury College and master's in Near Eastern languages from Indiana University secured her acceptance to Columbia Law School last year, but she decided to defer at the last minute, yearning for something less predictable. She had never seen a programming language but sensed she could harness technology to tackle problems she cared about: conjugating verbs, analyzing musicality, transliterating phonetics.

Emmanuel, a reserved Jewish kid with a wide smile and an endearing gap between his front teeth, holds an unused bachelor's degree of his own. He grew up and went to college in North Carolina, enrolling in massage school afterward, but didn't see much fulfillment, or money, from either pursuit. DBC, he hopes, will put him on the path to a career. His girlfriend has stayed back home, finishing her master's. Their future there remains uncertain.

José, for his part, can be found outside the kitchen, talking shit about the *horchata* served at lunch. With thick shoulders and a tuft of gray in his beard, he has put his life, family and punk band on hold in Villena, the Spanish city he's called home for nearly 39 years. He owned a T-shirt printing business with his wife when Spain's economy crashed in 2012, and after a worse 2013 he looked to America. "I decided to take my savings and put the money in my head," he says, tapping his receding hairline.

The school's formal instruction consists of two 45-minute lessons each day in DBC's small, open-plan room. The remainder of student time is spent coding "challenges" in pairs, with one student operating the keyboard while the other navigates. Teachers mill about, coaching students if they get stuck, but all the tools and answers can be found

on coding websites such as Stack Overflow, CSS-Tricks and GitHub, the king of coding sites. Armed with a GitHub account and a bit of determination, anyone could reasonably teach themselves to code. The trick is structuring your time. DBC students don't sit in the same place for more than a few hours. They joke, commiserate, make food, have a beer, nap on the couch or sometimes just go home for the day, frustrated.

"Rusty Blade?" asks my new friend at GitHub. We're crowded into one of the start-up's in-office speakeasies late on a weeknight. The \$66 gin is an earth-colored juniper distillate, aged in oak and dispensed in rare batches. The label looks 19th century, like something a miner would tug from deep in Sierra mountain runoff. In reality it is the vanity project of a Silicon Valley venture capitalist who recently began distilling liquor in a business park behind the 101 freeway. Top-shelf spirits such as Blade are integral to GitHub parties—Corona doesn't cut it when every workday means drinking for free.

GitHub is one of the world's largest repositories of source code, the building blocks of software. To a programmer, it is what the Bible is to a priest: a canon of code, where the industry's blueprints are stored. Headquarters (the third office in the six-year-old company's history) lies blocks away from the Bay Bridge in San Francisco's regentrified South Beach neighborhood. Most of its employees work off-site, but the building is constantly abuzz, anchored by its ground-floor bar, kitchen and networking space, where guests can work, eat and drink on the deep-pocketed company's dime. This office opened in September 2013, about a year after legendary venture capital firm Andreessen Horowitz led a sweeping \$100 million funding round. The firm placed a \$750 million valuation on GitHub partly because it has consistently generated substantial revenue from subscriptions and merchandise sales, making it a rarity in the industry.

Conference rooms are equipped with futuristic microphones that swivel toward speakers, and herds of robots roam the office like iPads on Roombas, allowing meetings with remote employees. There is a DJ booth and isolated nooks called "coder caves" where employees can escape. The speakeasies are perfect for eliminating stress with a book or a few fingers of Blade. You can't help feeling special when they open for you, like scotch hidden in a desk drawer, and that is part of their purpose. To wit: "Check this out," says an employee from a room that houses a suspicious number of books. A bookcase slides away for



"...Okay, okay, I'm convinced! There is no fool like an old fool...!"

him to reveal, like Bruce Wayne, another speakeasy, hidden from view.

DBC attempts to stand apart from such start-up glitz. The school's ethos emphasizes the life-changing nature of learning to code and the revolutionary educational experience it offers. In fact, when DBC's marketing lead, Brandon Croke, joined me at one of GitHub's mixers, he peered around skeptically, unsure whether to align himself with such luxuriance. He had been at DBC only a couple of months and took his job seriously, quietly expressing distaste of GitHub's opulence to Miya, an alumna he had brought along. But by the end of the night, after a few drinks, we were having a good time watching a local rock band play to a comatose crowd. I glanced over to see him sporting a sailor's cap from a company costume basket.

GitHub's party ended in March when Julie Ann Horvath, an esteemed programmer lauded as a leader of women in tech, took to Twitter: "I've been harassed by 'leadership' at GitHub for two years," she wrote. "And I am the first developer to quit." She called out GitHub co-founder Tom Preston-Werner for allowing his wife to prowl the workplace, monitoring employees and executing mind-game power plays according to her whim. Horvath accused a co-worker and ex-friend of sabotaging her work after she rejected

his romantic advances. She called some of her former co-workers "predators" and the environment "toxic." One told her he'd "hoped I wouldn't be hired" so they could date. And she said it all without using the word *sexism*. "I have never wanted to quit tech more than after having start-up PTSD like this," she wrote.

Apologies trickled out of GitHub's public relations department, and though an internal investigation cleared Preston-Werner and his wife of any legal wrongdoing, he resigned. The backlash against Horvath was harsh. Memes surfaced online with CUNT typed across her forehead, and she received all manner of threats, on par with other women who have spoken out about the industry's culture of sexism. "At start-ups, there's this tribe mentality," Horvath said on the tech podcast *ShopTalk*, "and if someone disagrees or says something is wrong, the company's best interest is to protect the tribe, which creates dangerous situations." This is referred to as being a "culture fit" among tech evangelists. "If you are a 20-something white male who listens to techno," she said, "I think GitHub may be your utopia."

It was the start of a year that saw many rookie Silicon Valley chief executives stumble. Mozilla CEO Brendan Eich resigned in April after a public

outcry over his support of Proposition 8, California's 2008 measure to ban gay marriage. Gurbaksh Chahal, founder of ad-tech company RadiumOne, faced 45 felony counts of domestic violence after a security video surfaced of him hitting and kicking his girlfriend 117 times. In leaked e-mails from his tenure in Stanford's Kappa Sigma fraternity, Snapchat CEO Evan Spiegel celebrates "sororisluts" and shooting "fat girls" with laser-tag guns and tells his brothers to put their "large Kappa Sigma dick[s] down her throat." Today, the 24-year-old Spiegel is reportedly worth \$210 million. Stanford clarified that the campus that has produced more Silicon Valley talent than any other in the world felt "ashamed."

Not even the animated halls of DBC are immune to the industry's brutish whims. "Every woman in my class had the same experience of feeling talked down to, talked over or ignored by men at DBC," says Anne. "People's unconscious biases come out. So if it can happen in a space where I feel safe and comfortable with everyone, what will happen at a job with people I don't know, in a place where I'm the junior employee?"

Dev Bootcamp often reminds students that start-ups fail because of people, not technology, and considers it its mission to produce competent coders and competent co-workers alike, skirting usual tech praxes. Its controversial solution is Engineering Empathy, a part of the curriculum designed to break students down to their emotional core and build more empathetic and compassionate employees in their place. On the new class's third day, the first 60-minute Empathy session begins with a lecture and climaxes with the instructor, co-founder Shereef's brother Karim Bishay, telling us to yell at one another. In pairs, students take turns standing and sitting on the ground. "Embody your inner critic," he urges. "Yell all the things you tell yourself on a regular basis."

A young nervous dude stands over me, digging deep into what his heart of hearts hides from him. "You're not good enough," he cries. "You never speak your mind! You're a complete pussy. Everyone here is better than you, and everyone knows it except you." He sits back down in a rush.

Later I am instructed to stereotype a nice young woman by guessing her favorite music and movie and her pet peeve. How? She is white and wearing a sweater. It sounds innocent enough until I open my mouth.

"Let's say you like choral music and *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*, and your pet peeve is...when people make fun of the homeless?" I get one of three. Others broach more uncomfortable territory. Women and African Americans are assumed to love pop music and hip-hop, respectively. Men's pet peeves are assumed to be achievement-related and women's to be emotional. The air is sucked out of the room. Students dab eyes and rub noses with the backs of their hands. Hurt feelings hang in place.



"Why can't we ever do something I want to do?"

The exercises are based on Freudian theories of the self and seem to be mash-ups of philosophy, self-help and partially researched statistics about the pitfalls of tech's status quo. The hour-long sessions interrupt student work throughout the first six weeks. "There's a bit of a whip-lash effect," Roy tells me. "It's deep sharing, then suddenly back to coding." Once, José tried to extricate himself. "DBC has a two-foot rule: If you don't think you're learning anything, you can use your two feet and get away," he says. He invoked it for EE but was told it didn't apply. "I said, 'What is this, *Animal Farm*, where you change rules as you go?'"

Emmanuel sees these EE sessions as part of a greater conspiracy. "They're creating a pressure cooker," he tells me. "They give you coding challenges they know you can't finish, then send you to Engineering Empathy." The disruption is meant to simulate the experience of a real tech workplace, and he has surrendered to it, despite fatigue. "The best learning," he says, coining a slogan that would make DBC's founders proud, "happens between a state of comfort and panic."

By the end of March, graduation was quickly approaching, bringing new panic to DBC. The school was preparing to move to a bigger location just as students were entering the job market, and rumors flew that the company was about to be acquired. A spreadsheet circulated internally encouraging new grads to share job stats. It boasted an average salary of \$77,333, three quarters of which included equity in the start-ups that hired them. It would appear DBC is changing students' lives, but that spreadsheet accounted for only 12 of hundreds of graduates across two years. It remained to be seen whether the school's promises would pan out.

Everyone adopted a different strategy in the job market. Ricardo was one of the best students in the program, but several weeks past graduation, he hadn't applied for a single job. He opted to network instead, figuring he'd meet his boss at the events he attended nightly, with no cold calls necessary. Emmanuel was happy to face rejection, though more often he simply heard nothing. Anne was optimistic about her prospects but concerned that being a woman meant she could do only a "woman thing." She considered applying at a start-up called BabyList, dedicated to disrupting the baby-shower industry, but didn't know if she should jump at such a gendered job opening, especially with stories such as Horvath's coming to light.

Ricardo, however, makes it obvious DBC is far from a hoax one dazzling July afternoon as he eats lunch on the seventh-floor deck of the Steuart Tower, overlooking the produce, souvenir and pork-belly vendors of One Market Plaza. He is glowing, and for good reason: He has just been hired at Autodesk, a 32-year-old company that produces design technology for architects, engineers and filmmakers. Used by James Cameron on

Avatar and by nearly every architect in America, its software is licensed to firms for hundreds of thousands of dollars. An impressive gallery of client work lies downstairs, alongside a \$250,000 3-D printer that designs and shapes metal. Unlike many of his peers, Ricardo is a coder who *actually* builds things.

"I'm really happy with how things turned out," he says. He is raking in six figures, working on a small team alongside another DBC grad named Zohar, coding features for top-secret software. He applied for a web-developer opening, but after five interviews, including a drunken night at Li Po Cocktail Lounge, he was told they wanted to hire him as a senior software engineer. Was he even qualified for that title?

"No. But I think it was luck. And timing."

Is he qualified now, though?

"Yup."

He is confident.

Graduation marked a year since Anne had deferred attending Columbia Law, meaning she had to decide whether to keep coding or go back the way she came. The latter would render her a statistic: Fifty-six percent of women in tech leave for another industry. On blind faith she rejected Columbia. Then, a month after graduation, she received two job offers: one from Palo Alto smart-watch maker Pebble and another from San Francisco lingerie start-up True & Co. She told the bra company she was more interested in working there, and it matched Pebble's generous salary offer. She is making close to six figures as the only female engineer on True & Co.'s team of five.

"I still can't believe it," she says as we pick over tacos at a Mission District Mexican restaurant. She is still living with roommates from DBC, none of whom have seen any success. "I feel bad talking about it around them," she says. "I don't want to come home from work, see them sitting on the couch and be like, 'How's the job search going?'"

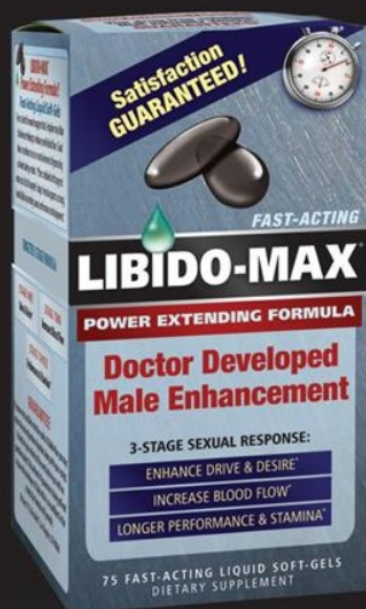
Other success stories spread like gossip. Two students were hired by Wealthfront, a massive financial-analytics firm, and another landed his dream job at MyCoin, a Bitcoin trading service headquartered in Hong Kong. Many others, however, are still searching. With each passing day, the prospect of not getting a job becomes more real, and old lives come knocking at the door.

Roy went back to his mother's Orange County home and has been waking up at noon every day. He has few friends there and wants to return to San Francisco.

José is jobless in Spain, returning \$20,000 poorer to rejoin his wife without the job he came here for, disgruntled with the experience. "They've been talking about making a difference, how coding can change the world, then they give me a job lead for a gambling site?" he says. "I'm not that idealistic. I need money, but it's not what they're selling."

He plans to move to Berlin, the buzzy new tech hub of Europe. With successful start-ups such as SoundCloud and Zoobe

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headquartered there, Berlin is different from San Francisco: Real estate is plentiful, rent is reasonable and the economy has room to grow. Companies there can afford to take an influx of high-ambition, low-direction programmers and let them experiment. Still, there are no guarantees. "I think some of them believe their own lies, and some of them don't," José says, trying to make sense of the disconnect between DBC's marketing and the realities of the tech industry. "Shereef, the co-founder, believes in what he's doing, but he's not the one trying to get us jobs." He sighs, resigned to his saner life in Europe. "In the end, we are meat for the grinder, as they say in Spain."

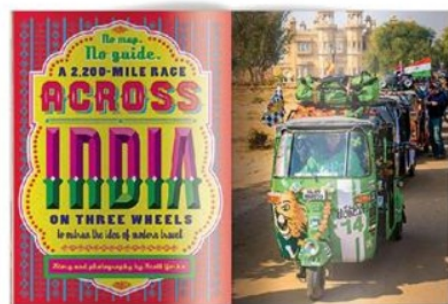
In June, Kaplan announced it was buying Dev Bootcamp. The giant test-prep corporation had opened code schools in Boston and New York earlier this year, but they have yet to achieve DBC's success. So Kaplan just bought the place. By then the school had moved into its sleek new South of Market building, complete with yoga room and nap area. Alumni who can't land work tend to hang around after graduation, some returning daily to conduct job searches, network, hang out and tutor new students in basic coding. The pay is low and it barely advances their skills, but for those without leads it's the best option.

Emmanuel, commuting two days a week and working from home, says he makes decent money working for DBC but has yet to land his dream job. His girlfriend earned her master's degree and was offered an ideal position in Sacramento, so he opted to move closer to her, placing an additional hour between himself and the industry's nexus in San Francisco, further hurting his odds of being hired.

What nobody told him, Anne, Ricardo, Roy or José when they arrived at DBC was that their success would have little to do with the coding languages they would practice. Programming is closer to reading an instruction manual than any hacker school marketing copy will tell you. DBC doesn't give its students anything they couldn't get for themselves, but it does provide a nine-week sense of exigency.

Those who prove worthy of the challenge are rewarded. Those who don't will fail. The future of Silicon Valley remains unclear: Investor tastes could shift, capital may dry up and thousands could lose their jobs as the industry matures. Tech's new-money ostentation, sexism and other symptoms of privilege without perspective could bring about its downfall. But for now, DBC and its students are merely exploiting America's oldest myth: In our country, with enough motivation, focus and emotional intelligence, anyone can change his or her life. Reinvention is in our DNA. The difference is that here, moving at the speed of technology, it happens a hell of a lot faster.

The challenge is to keep up. As Emmanuel puts it the last time we meet, "I feel like I'm running down a hallway blindfolded."



ACROSS INDIA ON THREE WHEELS

Continued from page 76

we don't look like most of the other teams," Frank Gallina told me via e-mail. "I'm a 37-year-old project manager for IBM, my brother is a 32-year-old bartender from Nantucket, and my father is a crazy 66-year-old paralegal who we hope will survive the run!"

Rail thin, more than six feet tall while slouching and with plenty of type-A neuroses, Frank stands in stark contrast to his brother, Joe, an olive-skinned gadabout who served two years in federal military prison for grand theft auto. Joe is fresh off a solo trip through Pakistan, after which he joined Frank and their raspy-voiced Sicilian father, Frank Sr., who wears golf clothes and quotes Bob Dylan at length.

I join them on Team Marmoset, climbing into their orange rickshaw, which inexplicably features a baby painted on the front. Despite our excitement about hitting the open road, we run out of gas within an hour of the launch ceremony. A gray-haired Frenchman tops us off with his extra can, and soon we are puttering down the dusty road, battling strong morning crosswinds and dodging livestock.

The decision to assist—or not assist—others would become the theme of Team Marmoset's trek. On the second day, a Norwegian team's rickshaw sits lifeless on a patch of roadside gravel, and Joe pulls over to adjust their carburetor. A few miles later, someone needs a fuel line purged of a bad oil mix, and Joe squats behind the rear engine compartment, pulling and plugging parts until his forearms are covered in black grease.

Frank Jr. nervously checks his oversize smartphone's GPS, watching the time and googling hotels. His brother's mechanical philanthropy is admirable, but it is slowing us down and revving Frank up.

"What precipitated today's breakdown?" he asks Joe late at night. "I read on the blogs that teams are way far ahead of us by now."

The attention the Rickshaw Runners are attracting becomes noticeable. Men standing wrapped in earth-tone blankets stare at the anomaly: white people, including uncovered women, rolling bedazzled rickshaws over speed bumps while blasting *The Chronic* and *Hotel California* on fuzzy speakers.

That's how we're cruising several days later, 20 miles south of Ahmadabad, when something slams the bottom of the vehicle and the right rear wheel vibrates loose. Our rickshaw, hurtling along at a solid 25 miles an hour in the far right lane, swerves across three lanes, weaves between two trucks, a hairbreadth away from wreckage, before



coming to a violent halt on the narrow shoulder. The dislodged rear axle, blown out of the wheel socket, lies slumped on the ground like a severed limb. Darkness is minutes away, and this rickshaw is going nowhere.

A crowd of spectators forms, including a 15-year-old kid with a mustache and green striped polo. He pokes his hands in, trying to help, only to be shooed away by Joe. Communication is one of the most baffling challenges in India, in part because there are more than 1,500 languages and dialects. ("My guess is that the method of travel you chose and the path you took brought you into contact with people not homogenized by the influences of media and common education and language," Bhuvana Narasimhan, assistant professor of psycholinguistics at the University of Colorado at Boulder, tells me later.)

After a few minutes of improvised sign language, our new friend helps jack the rickshaw onto a rock and worms underneath to explain to Joe how to repair the greasy axle. Friends drive him to a nearby shop (which has to be opened), and he returns with the parts and reassembles the axle in the dark using only the light of a small cell phone. Afterward, Joe gives him 500 rupees and they pose for a photo.

Aside from this brief episode, Team Marmoset typically avoids interacting with

people. Joe is averse to trusting local rickshaw mechanics, and Frank Jr. obsessively consults his smartphone for hotel reviews and directions rather than ask someone. This isn't the adventure I want, so I ask to be dropped off in Mumbai, one of the busiest and most densely populated cities in the world, confident I can find a ride.

The incentive to survive the first leg of the Rickshaw Run is the gorgeous, sandy beaches of Goa, where several teams plan to convene—and party. (One Swiss team tells me, "You can ride with us, but we're going straight to Goa to party for like five fucking days!")

Convincing a mob of Westerners to make the trek in the name of adventure is one thing. The locals aren't buying it. Rickshaw drivers I ask to take me the 400 miles south from Mumbai to Goa laugh at me. "It is not possible." "No one will go." "There is a bus." "There is a train." "Rickshaws cannot drive the mountain." "Very dangerous." Over a three-hour span, dozens of baffled Indians assure me with visible frustration that this is not a reasonable method of transport. I'm on an adventure, I explain, a challenge with 80 other three-wheelers to drive from Jaialmer to Kochi.

"You are a crazy man, or you are confused." Three tall men in business slacks and button-down shirts drink chai from plastic cups on a street terrace. They laugh at my request the first few times I explain it, until an IBM programmer named Rajesh nods, hands me a chai and tells me to follow him.

Rajesh power-walks through an industrial labyrinth of pedestrian bridges and metal staircases, then quickly descends to a platform. He pulls me into a blue train car, and we shuffle to the back, where he insists I sit on a bench packed with 10 other men.

The Indian government officially refers to this as "super-dense crush load," part of a daily eight-hour rush of more than 6 million humans. About 500 people cram into train cars meant for 188. That's 16 people per square meter, or the entire U.S. presidential Cabinet suffocated into a phone booth.

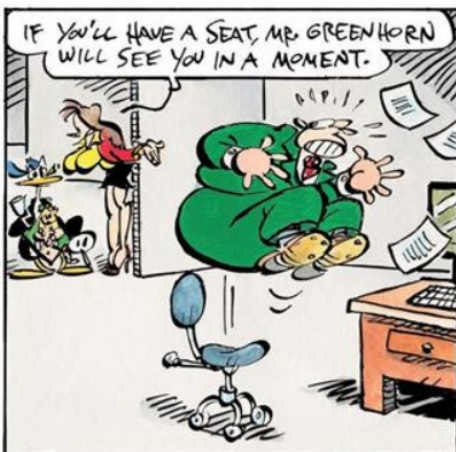
When Rajesh explains my journey to the others, everyone laughs with awkward confusion.

"Why do you choose to do this difficult task?" he asks.

"Because it lets me do and see things that I wouldn't otherwise experience," I answer.

He pauses and looks off into some illusory distance. "I understand," he says. "It's a great challenge. I admire this."

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



It is nearly nine P.M. when I step off the train in the southeastern suburb of Panvel and a young airline worker helps me negotiate my ride. Rajesh advised me to hire a rickshaw outside the city because of strict regulations on Mumbai taxis. The sweaty owner of several commercial rickshaws and 20 young drivers huddle around me as we crunch kilometers and fuel costs and other made-up expenses. The chief of traffic police takes down my information, gives me his phone number and deadpans, "You do this at your own risk. It is not safe."

The lucky driver who gets the nod is a local man in his early 20s named Salman. He dances with elation at the thought of making more than a few cents that night. Salman recruits another driver named Muhammad to tag-team the journey. The rickshaw comes equipped with blue lights and a 4,000-rupee horn the size of a trombone.

I feel good about our chances of making it to Goa until we stall out three times on the highway entrance ramp and a friend is summoned to clean and tweak the carburetor. Adding to my anxiety is our route along the deadly NH-17, known as the Mumbai-Goa highway. In 2012 this highway saw 193 people killed and 1,290 injured in 1,117 accidents—and those are just the ones reported.

That Muhammad and Salman are both professional rickshaw drivers does little to calm me. *The International Journal of Occupational Safety and Ergonomics* published a study last year on rickshaw drivers' accident-proneness. The conclusion: "Personality characteristics with lower scores of reasoning, rule consciousness, apprehension and emotional stability are common in commercial auto-rickshaw drivers." On top of that lovely stat, we'll be driving at night, which the Adventurists advised us to never, ever do.

On his little cell phone Salman has one

song—Michael Jackson's "Dangerous"—and we listen to the track on repeat until I introduce Justin Timberlake's *20/20* album, which promptly blows his mind. "This is wondeefool music!" he repeats for each track, bobbing his head with poor rhythm. The moon swings west and Muhammad sings loud Hindi songs, shaking his head to stay awake while Salman and I huddle under a thin sarong for warmth.

I remember that 50,000 vehicles travel this 280-mile highway every day, but bribe-friendly policemen patrol it only from eight A.M. to eight P.M., and most accidents occur between 2:30 and six A.M., when bleary-eyed drivers are least alert and speeding recklessly. The green hands on my black Wenger Commando point to 3:26 A.M. I doze off only to catch myself on the verge of ejection while barreling down India's most dangerous state highway in the middle of a pitch-black night as Goa draws near.

The minute my feet touch the fine sand on Goa's balmy Palolem Beach, I am greeted with cheers and beers from a crowd of Australian, Kiwi and British Rickshaw Runners who, having completed the hardest leg of the journey, are ready to party.

Stories circulate about the New Zealand group who killed a jaywalking sheep, leaving them with a dented rickshaw and a debt to a local farmer. Two teams were invited to join traditional Indian wedding ceremonies, one of which was held in an ornate, futuristic pavilion, the other beneath a highway underpass. A group of American college kids unknowingly tried to stay in a brothel, while a Belgian American couple slept in a hospital when they couldn't find a hotel.

"We've met so many great, friendly people," one Canadian tells me. "Everything

from drunk motorbikers giving us their moonshine while driving, to dog attacks, to being dragged into religious blessings."

For the next leg I saddle up with the ice-cream-coned, sheep-killing Kiwis. We drive for two days past large plantations lined with coconut trees. The guys make for upbeat company, and we spend hours discussing American movies, debating religion and talking about our favorite bands from the 1990s. We sing along to Rolling Stones songs.

"Fawkin' timeless rawk, ey!" yells one bearded motorhead, fairly jacked up from a cocaine breakfast.

I finish the last days of the run riding with two Australian potheads named Nathan and Hayden. An architect and a diesel mechanic, they are the least prepared of any team I've encountered, with just a map and no technological lifelines, which necessitates spontaneity. They navigate by pulling over and yelling the name of their next destination, averaging the most consistent response and winging it from there. They wake up later than every other team, take long lunches and yet somehow maintain decent progress.

Earlier in the trip they got lost in a rural town that hadn't seen foreigners in years. Three young boys on bicycles were sent to find keys to the only hotel in town. The entire village heard of their arrival and showed up to watch them eat dinner, yelling and arguing over what to serve.

We are 18 miles outside the finish line when the carburetor dislodges from our engine. While Hayden rigs it back into place with black electrical tape, a chubby boy in his school uniform asks where we are going.

"Kochi," we say.

"In that thing?"

Up and running again, we sputter past the finish line alongside a trickle of other runners, all expressing a mixture of relief and satisfaction.

"We get more injuries at the finish line because people get so unbelievably annihilated," Morgan had warned. "We usually have to pay for some sort of damages."

I can see why. Fire jugglers spit flames at the crowd. Furniture is broken, clothes are ripped off and every drop of alcohol is consumed. Strangers and friends run off to the bushes and bungalows and beaches to hook up, then return, straightening their new Indian clothes.

Bottles and joints circulate, along with stories. An Australian woman rode in a school bus full of 11-year-olds and sang them Boyz II Men songs. A few crews accidentally joined a police escort for the prime minister. Police stopped several teams—not always for bribes but to take photos. The Rick James siblings were featured in a local newspaper along with a photo of them lounging on the beach. A British woman survived a head-on collision that sent her through the windshield, which a friendly man repaired for free within a few hours.

All these outcomes would please Morgan. "It's for you to decide if the trip is going to be boring or a disaster," he says. "All we provide is the framework for chaos."



"I'm never going to quit smoking this way."

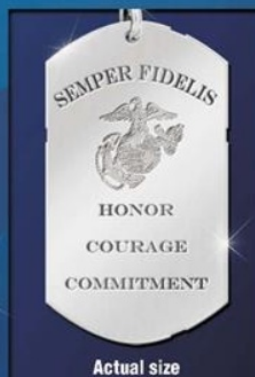


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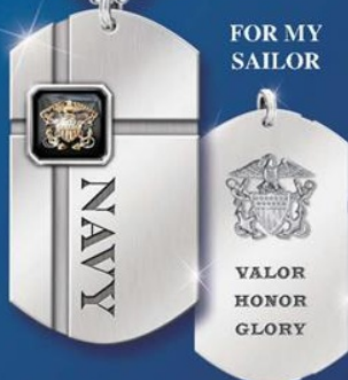
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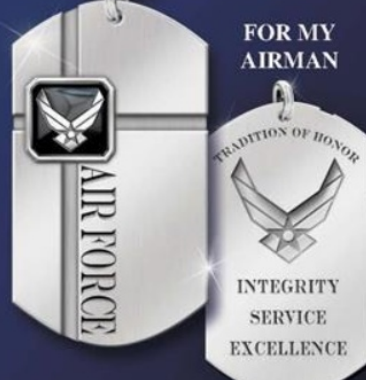
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ROB CORDDRY

Continued from page 98

sad. So obviously I thought it would be a good idea for a TV show.

Q8

PLAYBOY: For a while, *Childrens Hospital* was shot in an abandoned hospital. Was that as creepy as it sounds?

CORDDRY: It can be spooky. There's one guy, Artie, an electrician on the show. He is sensitive, as he calls it, to ghosts and whatnot, but he doesn't want to talk about it. That's what struck me. He's not like, "Oh yeah, I see ghosts." He works around a lot of sensitive electrical equipment with meters. One time he took a meter up to the eighth floor, and I guess the meter was going crazy. He saw something up there that freaked him out, and now he won't go back. Ghosts don't bother me. I mean, they don't even have a body; what am I worried about? But rats, fuck that.

Q9

PLAYBOY: The show can be borderline tasteless, with jokes about 9/11, abortion and AIDS. How have you escaped the wrath of the Twitter sensitivity police?

CORDDRY: I don't know! I definitely provoke them, and I don't really get any backlash. I guess there's no confusion whatsoever about our intentions. We have no message, no nothing. We're just taking the quickest route to the funniest joke. It could also be that it's not on a lot of strident assholes' radars, you know? They have other things to do, like write transcripts of Fox News broadcasts, things like that. They're busy.

Q10

PLAYBOY: What about out in the real world? Has anyone ever taken a swing at you?

CORDDRY: I came close once. I was in Boston shooting *Sex Tape*, and it was the Bruins' opening day. I left my hotel to get something at the store. It was kind of late, and the Bruins game was just getting out. I ran into three Boston townies—wasted Boston townies—and they were like, "You're that guy!" One of them couldn't even stand up he was so drunk, and he was just staring at me like he wanted to kill me. He was like, "I know who you are. I know who you are." And then the other guys were like, "Hey, Lou"—they kept calling me Lou—"Lou, come do cocaine with us." I thought, Even if I was in the business of doing cocaine with strangers, you would be the last ones I would ever do it with. As I was walking away, the really drunk one said, "Fuck ya face." Then he paused and said, "I love you."

Q11

PLAYBOY: You're originally from Boston. What's the most stereotypically Boston thing about you?

CORDDRY: There's not much. I used to say I'm not very Boston because I'm neither Irish nor Catholic, but I recently found out I have a significant Irish heritage. My

mother just never admitted it because she was prejudiced against the Boston Irish. She hated the Kennedys, hated everything having to do with the Boston Irish. Her great-grandmother was Scottish, so she told us we were 100 percent Scottish. But it turns out I have a large percentage of Irish in me.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Growing up in Boston, did you feel that not being Catholic or, as far as you knew at the time, Irish was something that hurt you?

CORDDRY: Oh yeah. I had a girlfriend named Maureen, and her father grilled me about it once. He was like, "Hey, Robert, you Irish?" I said, "No." "Are you Catholic?" "No." "You play hockey?" Like he was just grasping at straws. In my head I was thinking, I said I'm not Irish or Catholic; why would I play hockey? When I said no to hockey, it was basically three strikes and I was out. He was like, "Timmy, show him your defensive stance." And all of a sudden this eight-year-old kid, her little brother, jumps into a hockey defensive stance. For no reason! Or maybe he thought the kid needed to defend him from me. I don't know. I don't know how those people live. People might always be slapping goals at them, I'm not sure.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Are you or have you ever been religious?

CORDDRY: My mother was very Protestant. I grew up Presbyterian and went to church every Sunday until I was 18. I was forced to, which is basically why I don't now. My wife is Jewish, and she started bringing the kids to Sunday school. She's not religious at all, but she wants them to have at least some understanding of their heritage. One day she said, "We're going to synagogue for Yom Kippur." My daughter said, "Is Daddy coming?" And I just blurted out, totally knee-jerk, "Nope." Didn't even think about it; it just came out of my mouth. It was this great revelation for me. I was like, I'm not? Okay, I'm not. I'm not going. I don't have to do this! *Ha-ha, ha-ha!* Yay, I'm not going! Sundays, for the rest of my life, have become totally dear for me.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You're an Eagle Scout. If we dropped you in the middle of a forest, how long would you survive?

CORDDRY: What month is it? If it's summer, I'd do all right. I could probably make it out. If it's January, I'm dead in three hours. In June, I'd be hungry, but I'd make it out. I'd find my way without a map or compass. I say that with confidence. I can build a fire without a match. I can find food. I wouldn't be happy, and it wouldn't be fun, but yeah, I can tie a knot or two.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You're bald and proud. What advice can you offer the follicularly challenged? CORDDRY: When it finally happens and you lose it all, it's going to be a hell of a lot easier in the morning. You're going to enjoy the time you don't spend messing with the few



"Whoa! Nobody said anything about 'happily ever after.' I'm just not ready for that sort of commitment."

strands you have left. I never miss having hair, though I do sometimes have dreams that I'm brushing my long, luxurious hair in the mirror, and I'll be like, "There's something wrong. What is wrong? I'm not quite able to place it. Something's not right. It can't be my beautiful hair. What is it?"

Q16

PLAYBOY: Before joining *The Daily Show*, you toured with the National Shakespeare Company. We're having a hard time imagining you in tights, speaking in iambic pentameter.

CORDDRY: Imagine it, because it happened. I am a man who used to wear the tights. For about a year we traveled the country, doing two Shakespeare plays for bored college students. I think I'd probably still be doing it if I hadn't randomly decided to go to a sketch-group audition. That led to doing improv, which led to *The Daily Show*. But it was fun while it lasted. We were 24, 25 years old, traveling the country in a van with chicks. It could get pretty wild.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Smokey Robinson once sang that there isn't much sadder than the tears of a clown when there's no one around. Is he right? Behind closed doors, are you an emotional wreck?

CORDDRY: I used to be. For most of my life, I was a worrier and an overthinker. I had pretty bad social anxiety. From the second I hit puberty, in the sixth or seventh grade, up until I turned 40, I was just kind of sad or anxiety-ridden for no reason. In your 20s and 30s you think everything is important and your ideas mean everything. I hate 20-year-olds. I just hate them. They never know what they're talking about. When I think about myself in my 20s, it makes me cringe. I almost turn myself inside out cringing. When I turned 40, almost to the day, I calmed the fuck down. And now I don't worry about anything anymore.

Q18

PLAYBOY: A lot of your *Daily Show* colleagues have gone on to have amazing careers. Do you keep up with them? Are there *Daily Show* reunions?

CORDDRY: It's not a formal thing, but we keep in touch. Ed Helms and I are still good friends. We shared an office on the show for five years, so we became close. I just saw him, like, two weeks ago. Who else? Well, Jim Margolis—he was one of the executive producers—I stole him, and he's now producing a *Children's Hospital* spin-off, *Newsreaders*. Jon Stewart and I talk every once in a while, like when I have to ask for permission to steal one of his producers. Jason Jones is in *Hot Tub Time Machine 2*, so I got to see him. Who am I forgetting? Oh yeah, Stephen...Colbert? I think his last name is Colbert. What happened to him? So much potential, but it's like he dropped off the face of the planet. I hope he's doing okay.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You played a zombie in the zombie romance film *Warm Bodies*. What kind

of research went into becoming undead? CORDDRY: A lot, actually. My wife is a speech pathologist, and she used to work with patients who had traumatic brain injuries. She told me, "They can see the thing you're pointing to, and in some abstract way they know it's a spoon. They just can't say it." I asked her a lot of questions and built my character out of that. I thought it was more interesting to play a zombie who has a frustrating sense that there's something he's forgetting, and it's really hard to speak but he's trying. Rather than the whole [groans inarticulately] zombie thing where you're lumbering forward and your mouth is open and you look dead-eyed. I tried to embody that zombie frustration.

Q20

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice you've ever gotten from a director?

CORDDRY: It might have been from Oliver Stone. I'm not entirely sure. I was in his Bush biopic, *W*. I played White House press secretary Ari Fleischer. On the last day of shooting, he'd point to each actor, all these luminaries, and be like, "Richard Dreyfuss. That's a wrap on Richard Dreyfuss." Everybody would applaud, and he'd give them a hug. Then he got to me, and he's like, "Rob Corrdry," and everybody applauded. He whispered something in my ear, but I couldn't hear it because of all the noise. I almost said, "Oliver, can you do that one more time? That was my trick ear." I have no idea what he said. It might have been something really profound, something that could have changed the course of my career. Or maybe it was just "I got shrooms in my van."



"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"



SOMETHING ANCIENT WELLING UP

Continued from page 107

fetch Tommy Pitts," she said. "He'll straighten you out."

"Cut it out for a sec, Sheila."

She sighed into the receiver. "You sound so spry," she said. "You sound 10 years younger."

"It's all this fresh salty air. I'm becoming a new man."

"Sounds like an improvement."

A group of northern harriers sliced up and across the horizon, making a large and messy net through the sky on their way to the water. "I wanted to tell you," I said, "I've been thinking about coming home for the Fourth of July. I'd like to spend it out there, with you."

"The Fourth of July? When have we ever cared about that?"

"It was a thought," I said.

"There aren't any kids, Max. There aren't any karate demonstrations or PTA

meetings you can use as fake-ass reasons to come back."

"Well, I'd like to come back all the same."

She sighed into the receiver again. Longer this time. "I need more time. I've got some emotional unpacking left to do. I think this time apart is helping us."

"Can we get a time frame here? A ballpark?"

"I've got to go," Sheila said. "Take care of yourself, Max."

I capped the Budweiser and tossed the bottle out into the brush. Up above, the Mormon plane was at it again, this time circling around to spell FOR, BEHOLD, I HAVE REFINED THEE, I HAVE CHOSEN THEE IN THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.

Things got fishy after I went through the house for a fresh brew and came out to the front yard with Oliver Cromwell on my tail. There was that box, big and metal as ever, only the door in the front was swung wide open. I found a Maglite and went through the door. The place stank in a way I couldn't have imagined. There was a cot and a nightstand in one corner and a punching bag in the other. I took a step and heard the tinning of empty aluminum and brought the light to the ground. Dozens of empty cans of Red Bull. I went across to the bed, and on the nightstand was an issue of *PLAYBOY* from the 1980s with Kim Basinger on the cover, along with a copy of *The Heart of the Matter* by Graham Greene. I took the paperback into my hands. I heard heavy breathing coming from behind me. I turned around.



Now, I'll be pretty quick with the particulars here. What was standing in front of me was, without question, half man and half bull. The bull half was the head and the neck, with the human half being almost everything else. The penis seemed to be somewhere in between, because it was there and it was big. "That's my stuff," the bull said.

"Shit," I said. "I didn't—I mean, the door was open. This box was here. I wasn't trying to steal your book."

"Don't worry about it," the bull said, motioning to the paperback. "You ever read that?"

"My wife and I read it for a book club once," I said. "I didn't get far."

"Kinda preachy," the bull said. "Not bad overall. You got a cigarette?"

I patted my empty shirt pocket and shrugged.

"For the best."

The bull stuck out his giant hand. We shook. He told me that his name was Rocky Molatova and that he had been minding his business in the outer forest of a cranberry bog in west Jersey when he was tased to hell and thrown into that box.

I asked, "So who was it that stuffed you in the box?"

"They didn't bother to introduce themselves," Rocky said.

"Wonder why they decided to drop you off here?"

"That's another question," Rocky said.

"Where exactly is 'here'?"

"Northern Utah," I said. "Just off the lake."

"Christ," he said. "Mormon?"

I shook my head.

"Thank God," he said. "I don't go in for any of that magic hat shit."

Rocky and I stepped out of the box and into the sunlight. Rocky's tail swept back and forth across the caked dirt, and the long, black horns attached to his bull head reflected light like a mirror.

"Sounds like you might be out here awhile," Rocky said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, based on that phone call I heard. That was you, right? On the phone out back? Well, based on that, it sounds like you're going through a bit of a domestic spat."

"Hell," I said. "Once you've seen a nosy Minotaur, I believe you can safely say that you've seen it all."

"Not being nosy," Rocky said. "You're a loud talker."

"I am not necessarily out here in the Beehive State by choice, no."

"So your little lady kicked you to the curb."

"I'm out here with my father-in-law," I said. "Operating a couple of business ventures."

"Now that's what I'm talking about, brother! Capitalism at its finest!"

I asked Rocky if he'd like a beer and he said hell yeah. I fetched a few from inside, and when I came out he was sitting on the dried-out soil with Oliver Cromwell plopped beside him. We got to drinking as the sun shifted through the sky and our shadows stretched wide across the earth. After we had nearly polished off a 24-pack, Rocky started going

"I'm Tom's wife and the mother of his children, and if you ever have some free time, I'm also hot as hell in the sack."

on about his life. About how he managed to rise up from the swamp of his youth to eke out a living on the fringe. He told me the real reason he'd been locked up had to do with his befriending a lonely woman who ran a roller rink. She wasn't afraid of him, and he would sneak in at night. They would skate together in the dimmed light, the only sound coming from their wheels and the *Street Fighter II* machine grunting in the corner. Then one night as they sat back listening to Bon Jovi over the PA system, a janitor came in and called the cops. Everybody showed up and made wild allegations, and next thing Rocky knew he was locked up and beaten. Then the box.

Rocky finished his story and smashed a bottle against one of his horns. Oliver Cromwell sat up and rushed into the house as the molasses-colored shards splintered like glass hornets bursting from a nest and into the air. Rocky got up and went around to the corner to unload himself, and I caught sight of Tommy's truck kicking dust across the road. He pulled up next to me and jumped out.

"You missed it, kid," he said. "They got this new girl, man. Brazilian, maybe. Tits like Kilimanjaro!"

I held a beer in my hand and blew into the mouth. I didn't know what to say. Rocky came around the corner, shaking his penis. He said, "Oh, sorry. Is this not cool?"

"What in the holy hell," Tommy said.

"This is Rocky," I said. "He was in the box."

"This isn't right. This isn't right at all. Those goddamn scoundrels. I ordered a fucking mermaid, not a fucking centaur."

"Great," Rocky said. "A goddamn racist."

I stood up to get in between the two. "Rocky's a Minotaur, Tommy."

"What's the difference? What in the hell am I going to do with a Minotaur?"

"What in the hell were you going to do with a mermaid?"

Tommy laughed. "Build her a tank! Build her a tank and charge these yokels 10 bucks a gander. It would've put the Dino Hut to shame. I've gotta get on the horn—no way a Minotaur costs as much as a mermaid."

Rocky reached into the pack for a fresh bottle. He lifted it high above his head and

popped the cap off with his horn. "You know those twist off," Tommy said.

I explained Rocky's predicament and tried to get Tommy to understand. Be reasonable, I said. Tommy had a spotty track record with being reasonable, but I was banking on the idea that his split with Jerusha had left him a little out of sorts. I was right.

We were all slightly to the right of drunk. Things were rolling along. Tommy had been mixing drinks and describing the girls he had found at Moroni's Strumpet, and I had given Rocky a pair of BYU sweatpants to cover up his penis. Rocky related his story about the roller rink and the lonely proprietor to Tommy, who absolutely ate it up.

plies," I said. "I need a few things myself. I'll get you more of that Red Bull shit."

I took Tommy's truck and headed out, hugging the curved hips of the Great Salt Lake. Outside, full, whipped-cream clouds expanding throughout the sky and sagging into the ragged biscuit ridges of Box Elder Peak hid the reality of the heat. I came into Ogden, deep white and choked with steeples, and navigated the SUVs and the hordes of clean-cut kids on their way home from school. I pulled into the parking lot of a Harmons, and I found the stash of cigarettes that Tommy always kept beneath his seat. I smoked one up against the truck and crushed it down into the asphalt.

Inside, I had to ask one of the dudes in a smock about the back-room availability of Red Bull. He said that he'd have to check, because nobody ever really asked about it. I grabbed a couple of brands of cigarettes because I didn't know what Rocky smoked, and I went down the aisle.

I saw a large cowboy hat with a bright green stone in the center bobbing up and down above the tops of olive oil bottles. I reached over the aisle and flicked it. "You almost got your bell rung," Jerusha said. I went around the aisle and gave her a hug.

"Just getting a few things," she said. "I haven't cooked for one in years. They've got all these frozen meals meant for just one person. It's depressing."

"Sorry about the split," I said.

"It happens," she said. "That man was bound to drive me off sooner or later."

"He's falling into some old habits."

Jerusha looked inside my cart. I wasn't sure what to get for Rocky, so the cart was full of Hot Pockets and string cheese. "You feeding a group of eight-year-olds?"

"It's a long story," I said. "Rather not get into the specifics."

"Before you go and defend him and say, 'Oh well, Jerusha, it was only one game,' you gotta know that he's been fooling around on me. You know that woman that runs the titty bar outside of town? They've been going around on the sly for months."

"Hell," I said, "I had no idea about that. I thought Tommy was straightened out."



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"This is such good fun," Rocky said. "If I was going to be locked in a box and stranded anywhere, I'm glad it was here."

Tommy let a highball dangle from his hand like puppet strings. "Be honest, Rocky. Did you love that woman? The one with the roller rink?"

"That's a tough one," Rocky said. "I was happy that I didn't scare her. I was happy she wanted me around. Somebody not running off is the closest thing I imagine I'll ever get to love."

"Goddamn it," Tommy said, "this whole thing is breaking my heart. Listen, friend, you're fine to stay here as long as you want. Carve out a place for yourself with people who get it."

"I'll run to the store to get Rocky sup-

"You can only keep a man like that straight for so long, you know? I'd have left earlier, but he gets real weepy when we fight. Real fucking dramatic."

The smock guy came back wheeling three cases of Red Bull and loaded them into my cart. A bell went off, and a man came on over the PA and announced that the patron who'd tied their horse to the gum-ball machine out front needed to untie it immediately, as Harmons was not a horse-friendly establishment. "So you're gone for good," I said.

Jerusha removed her hat and slicked back her hair. "Listen, Max. I hope things with you and Sheila work out. I think you two were meant to work out. I also think that some other folks weren't meant to work out, you know?"

Tommy called my cell. Jerusha waved and rolled her cart back down the aisle, toward the meat department that glowed red in the artificial light.

Tommy said, "Fuck, Max. You've gotta come back here. That bull friend of yours, Max, fuck, I went inside for a second—a goddamn second—and I hear all sorts of noises, and I go outside and that piece of shit is ripping into Oliver Cromwell. He's hunched over him and there's blood absolutely everywhere. That freak killed my dog, Max."

"Slow down," I said. "Where is he now?"

"He was drunk, right? I grabbed a rock and I got the jump on him. Clocked him as best I could. I managed to tie him up,

and I rolled him back into the box and locked it up."

I hung up on Tommy and paid for the groceries. Outside, the sunset was a forest fire of green and orange as the sun eased beneath the hilltops. I opened a pack of Parlaments because I had a pretty good idea that Rocky wasn't a menthol kind of guy and eased through the traffic and onto the highway.

Tommy was in the living room. The fireplace was roaring and the rhino head mounted to the wall sent a black and swelling shadow creeping across the hardwood. There was a burlap sack in the corner.

"I wanted to wait for you," Tommy said. "I'm a little wobbly right now, to be frank. Plus, I know how much you admired the Old Ironsides."

We dug the hole out back. We dug and dug, and Tommy set the burlap sack down into the hole, and he said a few words.

Tommy said, "I've got a whale of an idea, see. The Dino Hut isn't going to cut it, right? Well, listen. I'll take the money I had set aside for a mermaid tank and we're going to buy brick and mortar. We'll build a maze and charge folks 10 bucks a head to come and tame the Maze of the Minotaur. It works for everyone, on account of a maze being the Minotaur's natural habitat."

"Fuck, Tommy, that's labyrinths, not mazes."

"I don't see the distinction."

"A maze has multiple paths—a few ways in and a few ways out," I said. "A labyrinth has one way in: It's made to get you to that center point and face whatever comes before you."

"I don't have time for semantics, Max. The lousy sack kills my dog and I give him a maze. I'd say I'm being downright generous. And how exactly would you propose we build a labyrinth? It's a maze or it's nothing."

I went inside for the bag of supplies and headed for the box. The key was hung on the outside and I opened it. Tommy had left a lantern inside that threw a large, yellow globe of light against the back wall. Rocky was on the bed with his hands bound against his back. "This is most uncool," he said.

I flashed the smokes. "Didn't know your brand."

"Like a light from heaven," Rocky said. "The no-filter Pall Malls."

"I'll untie you," I said.

The top of Rocky's head was matted with blood, and one of his horns was chipped. He waved me off with his head. "Don't bother, man. He didn't need to do any of this. He told me the plan, and I'm on board. I'll play along. I'll take it on the chin."

"You want to live in a maze?"

"I wasn't up-front about some stuff," Rocky said. "That bit I told you earlier, it was horseshit. The thing with the woman and the roller rink? Well, I saw a woman one night, but she wasn't as cool as I said. She saw me and freaked, and before I knew it she was dead. Dead, man. Just like Oliver Cromwell. I didn't know what I was doing anymore. Something ancient welled up inside of me. It was like programming, you know?"

I smoked a cigarette and watched the balled light flicker against the metal.

"I think I'm better off out there in some maze," Rocky said. "I think everybody is better off."

I untied Rocky and left him alone in the box. I heard the crack of an aluminum tab as I walked back toward the house. I saw Tommy out in the field, carving lines in the dried-out dirt with a spade.

Three rings and then a man picked up.

"Who's this?" I asked.

"This is Phil," he said. "Who's this?"

"Max."

"Hey, buddy," Phil said. "What's the word?"

"Doing my thing out here. Why are you in my house?"

"Sheila needed some help with a plumbing thing," he said.

"Weird, considering I redid the plumbing not even a year ago."

"Don't know what to say," Phil said. "Maybe you were distracted."

I told Phil to put Sheila on the line. She sounded the way she sounds after smoking a cigarette that nobody knew she had smoked. "Hey," she said. "How's it going out there?"

"Oh, it's a dream," I said. "Didn't I tell you? We struck gold. Now everything around here is caviar and full-body



"It's been so long since I've been laid I hardly remember how to fake an orgasm."

massages. We're getting a stable put in because we bought too many horses. Why don't you tell me exactly why in the hell Phil is over at my house."

Sheila told me that she didn't feel as if she owed me any kind of an explanation, and that was tough to dispute. She said that I had done some things that were going to be difficult to smooth over and that she had a lot of emotional unpacking left to do. She said that a man with my inherent instabilities may not have been a wise marital decision and that she had realized her deepest fear was continuing a pattern of destructive males in her life. She said these things as if she had written them down like a grocery list on the fridge and each one represented money that she wasn't willing to spend. Despite the heat, listening to her gave me a chill.

All I could get out was "I think you're being downright unfair to Tommy. He's doing his goddamn best."

"Just you wait," she said. "Just you wait and see how his best turns out."

After Sheila hung up, I went back and grabbed Rocky. Tommy had gone back inside, and we walked out to the cleared-out space that Tommy had been working on. I asked him to run around to see how it felt. He said it felt good. I sat down and cracked two beers and handed one over.

"I'm sorry about all this," I said.

Rocky chugged the beer and burped. "It's for the best."

"You were free," I said. "You were out in the open and now you're not."

"I wasn't doing anybody any favors out there. Myself included."

The sun was about gone, but I could still make out the wavy lines of heat bouncing against the range. "I finished *The Heart of the Matter*," Rocky said.

I took a swig and held the beer between my cheeks before swallowing. "How'd you like it?"

"You know that part, down at the end? When Scobie is about to kill himself?"

"I didn't read it."

"He's about to kill himself and then we go inside his head. The line is 'It isn't beauty that we love, he thought, it's failure—the failure to stay young forever, the failure of nerves, the failure of the body. Beauty is like success: We can't love it for long. I am going to protect her from myself forever.' What a bummer, right?"

"I told you I didn't read it."

"Just as well," Rocky said. "The whole thing is a little much. I bet Graham Greene would have been awful to have a drink with."

Rocky tossed his bottle into the air and I heard the small shatter of glass in the distance. I took up the spade that Tommy had left and I dug a small hole in the center. I threw my phone in and covered it up. The Mormon plane made its way back across the sky, but it was too dark to make out the message.



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DAVID FINCHER

Continued from page 60

FINCHER: The thing got cloud-seeded by way of one magazine story. Had that one journalist from *Vogue* delved as deeply into why people were behaving the way they were as he did into what shoes they were wearing, we might have gotten some insight. But it was more interesting for him to do a Tippi Hedren-Alfred Hitchcock sort of thing. From the beginning I said to the Sony publicity people that the purpose of plucking someone like Rooney from obscurity is that they walk on-screen and you immediately believe who the fuck they are, rather than, "You were on *Gossip Girl*, right?" Rooney will tell you that I let her do anything she wanted. But it seemed counter to what we were trying to do to see her on the cover of *Seventeen* or being trotted out on every television show to go, "Here she is, cute as a fucking button and not at all this goth Swedish punker." I said, "I think this is absurd," but it didn't move the needle in any way. The Sony publicity people were frustrated with my getting in the way of the exploitation of the character Lisbeth Salander.

PLAYBOY: Do you know if any actors have backed away from working with you because of what they think you're like?

FINCHER: I'm sure there are people who think I bite the heads off puppies. There's nothing I can do about that. The relationships that matter to me are always with people who wouldn't have preconceived notions based on somebody's work. I gave up worrying about that years ago. I remember giving a quote, "I've got demons you can't even imagine." It was a joke. It was fun. It was out of context. My parents were always concerned about things I was quoted as saying. My dad thought for a time that I was playing into it.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your parents and your home life. You were born in Denver, but when you were two your family moved to California, eventually settling down in San Anselmo in Marin County. What was it like growing up there in the 1960s and 1970s, when the area became synonymous with progressive thought, self-expression and a relaxed view toward drugs and sex?

FINCHER: It was a bizarre, great place to grow up in during that time, with the human potential movement, EST, a lot of drugs and a lot of mixed messages, like "We want you kids to feel free to do whatever you want, just not that." There was always the potential for suffocating liberation. As absurd as it sounds, the movie with Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld, *Serial*, was a prescient and truthful view of Marin County—a place people think of as affluent, but at the time it wasn't. I grew up before the yuppies, before the Me decade, before "Greed is good." It was never "What are you driving?" I was a latchkey kid. I'd put a note on the fridge, "I'm going to Chris's house" or "I'm spending the night." No GPS, no cell phones. You were trusted. People had a much healthier attitude toward a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: Including sex?

FINCHER: We talked about sex from the time I was eight or nine. I don't think there was any confusion about what people were up to from the time I was in second or third grade. There were a lot of drugs. One of my dad's friends was Thomas Thompson, a writer for *Life* magazine who also wrote the book *Richie: The Ultimate Tragedy Between One Decent Man and the Son He Loved*, about a man who killed his son who was on drugs. I had friends with older brothers who were well on their way to being strung out.

PLAYBOY: Did you really slather your sister's dolls in ketchup and hurl them onto the freeway?

FINCHER: I did, because we thought it was funny. We used to egg cars and do all that kind of stupid shit, and it did escalate to all kinds of lunacy. No one was ever injured. I've gotten into a lot of trouble talking about that. You do a lot of dumb shit when you're 10 or 12.

PLAYBOY: Your father also wrote for *Life*, among other magazines, right?

FINCHER: He was a reporter and then a *Life*

bureau chief. He quit to write nonfiction books on human intelligence, left-handedness and hundreds of magazine stories for *Reader's Digest*, *Psychology Today*, *Sports Illustrated*. Later in his life he wrote a couple of screenplays. He also wrote a novel that he burned in front of my mother. That's a story I was told and it has probably been hyperbolized, by me. But it's who he was. He wanted to get it right.

PLAYBOY: Your mother worked in mental health, specializing in treating drug addiction. Were drugs attractive or scary?

FINCHER: I've definitely been there with my friend in high school on a sodden, rainy, pouring-down night after we'd drunk a bottle of really bad champagne stolen from a restaurant he worked at. I remember trying to keep his mom's Corolla station wagon from slipping off a cliff. I've done all that stupid crap. It's not to say I didn't do my share, but there was no allure for me to see where experimentation could take you. My mom ran a methadone maintenance program, after all. Besides my mom's work, I have too much of a work ethic to disappear into that space.

I had a normal teenage life. The only difference was that by the time I was 19, I was working six days a week, 14 hours a day for Industrial Light & Magic.

PLAYBOY: What brought you to a place where you'd be working at the George Lucas-owned, premier visual effects company in the world?

FINCHER: I was the guy who waited in line to see *The Empire Strikes Back*. I was the kid who didn't read the *Time* magazine article about *Jaws* because I was not going to let that fuck it up for me. My dad took me to movie matinees. Movies were all I wanted to do. And I grew up in a perfect time and a perfect place, with all this incredible stuff happening around me.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

FINCHER: George Lucas lived two doors down from my house. I saw *American Graffiti* being photographed on Fourth Street in San Rafael. They were making *The Godfather* on Shady Lane in Ross, California. *Dirty Harry* was being shot at Larkspur Landing. By the time I was 14 I was on my way to a high school that had film courses, 16-millimeter cameras and double-system sound recording. I couldn't wait.



PLAYBOY: So your career path probably hasn't surprised your childhood friends from Marin.

FINCHER: I still have a handful of friends from there—the most cynical, perverse, sardonic, funny, irreverent, ruthless people. They're dark and sinister but wrapped in this perfectly humane, affable package. They get the cosmic joke. I always wonder, Was it something in the water? Or maybe it was being eight years old and having people say, "Okay, if your school bus gets the tires shot out of it, just stay on the bus. The Zodiac killer has sworn that he's going to pick off the little kiddies." My dad was super dry in his delivery, like nothing was ever cause for alarm. He'd say, "Oh, Dave, you should know there's a homicidal maniac who has written to the *San Francisco Chronicle*."

Years later, when we were making *Zodiac*, I remember the opening scene of the movie wasn't working until [music supervisor] George Drakoulias brought me Three Dog Night's version of the song "Easy to Be Hard," from *Hair*. We put that music over the scene, and it was like I was in Black Point and could smell the eucalyptus. I was suddenly in 1965, in a green Impala with a huge backseat and a steel dashboard, like I was transported. I've harbored bizarre dreams of returning, but you can't, you know? Sausalito's not the same thing it was in 1976.

PLAYBOY: Did you pursue your moviemaking passion once you hit high school?

FINCHER: My parents became disenchanted with Marin just when I was about to enter high school. They were a little too Midwestern and reticent to succumb to Marin's kind of grooviness. They came back from the Oregon Shakespeare Festival convinced that the three of us kids would love southern Oregon, so they moved us there. I was on the cusp of doing what I wanted to do, and to have it snatched from me was like being choke-chained out of the perfect environment.

PLAYBOY: Did you act out because of it?

FINCHER: I always sort of acted out, but I wasn't a bad kid. Once I realized my parents weren't going to come to their senses, I knew the only way out of there was going to be on me. I wouldn't be able to be in the film business in southern Oregon and

wouldn't witness the things I'd been seeing. So instead, as this scrawny drama nerd who always wanted to be a director, I developed my own curriculum and executed it.

PLAYBOY: What kind of jobs did you have as a kid?

FINCHER: For most of high school, after school until six, I would work on plays and design sets and lighting. From six until 12:30 or one I would rush off to the local second-run movie theater, where I was a non-union projectionist. I got to watch movies for free, hundreds of times. That was a great job for someone who loved movies, because I got to see *Being There*, *All That Jazz* and *1941* 180 times. Of course, I also had to watch things like *Audrey Rose* 180 times. On Saturdays I worked at KOB

science fiction movies." My dad, who was big on taking long, deep breaths while thinking about things, said probably the most important thing ever: "Well, what if that doesn't work out?" I was kind of like, "Fuck you. I'm not thinking about plan B."

PLAYBOY: Your career pretty much followed that trajectory you laid out as a kid—except for the making-sequels part.

FINCHER: I went back to Marin, where my younger sister had done voice-overs for [filmmaker] John Korty, and I got a production assistant job with him—moving Xerox machines, mopping floors, helping rewire animation stands. I rose very quickly in the ranks because of my work ethic. I was doing effects animation, shooting some second-unit stuff and becoming a visual-

effects producer. I met wildly talented, inspirational people there. It was kind of a great film school, though some people were definitely like, "Who the fuck does this 18-year-old think he is?"

PLAYBOY: What did your parents make of the fact that within a few years you were directing commercials for some of the biggest clients in the world?

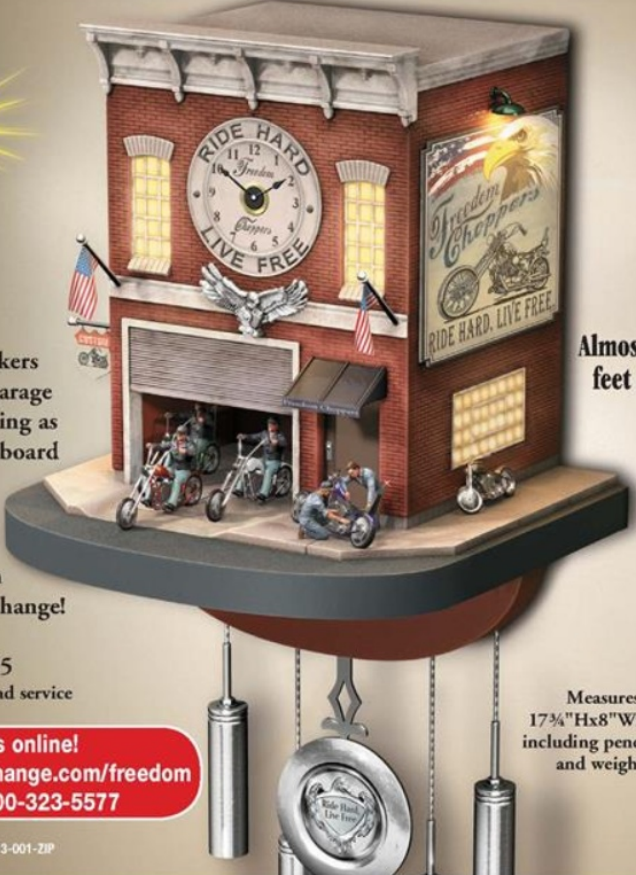
FINCHER: When I was making commercials for Nike, Chanel and Pepsi, I think my parents thought I was doing stuff like "Come on down to Waterbed Warehouse." That was their idea of what television commercials were, so that's what they thought I was doing. My dad was an Okie and my mom was from South Dakota, and because they had a very different view of what one could expect,

they wanted to protect me from disappointment. I think it clicked after we started Propaganda Films, and they started to think, Oh wow, he's okay financially.

PLAYBOY: Propaganda was a very successful music video and moviemaking company that you, Dominic Sena and others launched in 1986 and which boosted the feature-film careers of interesting directors such as Spike Jonze and Antoine Fuqua, among many others.

FINCHER: It's weird. Ceán and I were talking about our daughter, who is 20 now. That's the age I was when I directed my first television commercial. The idea of walking in the door, rolling up my sleeves and saying, "Okay, here's what the next 10 hours are about. For the first shot, we're

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in Medford, a local television news station, as a kind of production assistant. I would lug incredibly unwieldy cameras to shoot location stuff, like when there was a barn on fire or something like that. I also had jobs as a fry cook, busboy, dishwasher.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents down with all this?

FINCHER: When I was about 15 or 16, they sat me down and said, "We want to know where you think you're going and what you think you're going to do." I laid it out for them: "After high school I'm going to move back down to Marin. I want to eventually get a job working at Industrial Light & Magic. From there, I'm going to make television commercials and move to Los Angeles. Then I'd like to make sequels to my favorite

going to...." That doesn't seem so weird or different to me, because that was me at the age of 20. And yet I would have a hard time listening to a 20-year-old tell me, "Here's what we're going to be doing."

PLAYBOY: You directed some of Madonna's most stylish videos, such as "Vogue" and "Bad Girl," the latter depicting the singer as a film noir femme fatale who gets strangled with panty hose. Why do you think that Madonna never translated to the big screen?

FINCHER: Madonna is very crafty. She's street-smart. The video directors who did the best work with her—romantic, amazing stuff like what Jean-Baptiste Mondino did—were the ones she allowed to take risks and the ones who made videos she would throw herself into. I made commercials to make money, but I did music videos as a kind of film school. I learned that the way to be with Madonna was to follow her impetus, because the artist in a music video is not only the star but also the studio. I could say to Madonna, "I need you to do it again. I need you to stop blinking. I need you to get your fucking chin down. And I need you to be better." Whether it was Madonna, Brad Pitt or Ben Affleck, I'm well aware that the work got financed because of them. But they needed to know I had to get them off their mark, get them to a place where it might get warm, because there might be friction.

PLAYBOY: How do you look back on directing your first feature movie, *Alien 3*?

FINCHER: I was a 27-year-old rube trying to navigate an impervious bureaucracy. It was an absurd and obscene daily battle to do anything interesting with what we were allowed to do. It was the same studio but very different players when I made *Fight Club*. There were 80 corporate people who, for all the

right reasons, became terrified of what the movie became. The biggest tipping point was, "God, the movie's so homoerotic," and that was a real problem for them. At the time, it was incendiary, but I look back on it now and it's so fucking tame, it's almost a TV movie.

PLAYBOY: After that movie, did guys try to fight you, to take you on just for fun?

FINCHER: I'm not tough, but I'm mean. I think people know I'm way too vindictive to try that shit.

PLAYBOY: If any movie divides your ferociously partisan fanboy base it's *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*—a deeply emotional, odd movie clearly made by someone who has grappled with death and the passage of time.

FINCHER: I'd never made a movie with that big a body count. Everybody dies. And the truth of the matter is everyone is going to die, yet we spend so much time ignoring that fact.

PLAYBOY: Whose death has most affected you?

FINCHER: My father died in 2003, and I'd never been with someone when they died before. Almost all the decision-making I'd done in my life was in hopes of pleasing him or reacting against the things I felt he was shortsighted about. All of a sudden there was no north anymore, only south, east and west. When I read Eric Roth's draft of the script, it felt as though it was talking about an experience I'd had. Everybody kept saying the character was a little passive, and I was like, "My dad was a little passive. People do go through their entire lives being passive." *Benjamin Button* is a bit of a dirge. I thought it was beautiful. I thought it was an accomplishment.

PLAYBOY: What do you think happens after death?

FINCHER: When my father was sick, starting his chemo and puttering around our house

after moving from Oregon to L.A., I could tell when he was about to appear at the bottom of the steps even if I didn't hear him. Of course, I knew him so intimately. When he passed I could tell he was no longer in the room. I was profoundly aware that the frequency he was on was suddenly gone. I've never been a religious person. I've always felt that the responsibility we have to one another should transcend punishment, that you should do what you feel is right because it's right, not because you're going to be scalded forevermore. I hope the ether is out there somewhere and all the star children pass on knowledge, experience, forgiveness, whatever.

PLAYBOY: How do you assess *The Social Network*, a movie many people thought deserved to win the best picture Oscar over *The King's Speech*?

FINCHER: It's as close to a John Hughes movie as I can make. For me that was stepping outside my comfort zone by showing nerds in their natural habitat. People said, "Oh, you're making a Facebook movie?" as if we were capitalizing on a trend or doing a Linda Blair *Roller Boogie* roller-disco movie after disco was dead. I was able to say to the studio, "There are no movie stars in this, just kids between 20 and 25." It was incredibly fun and freeing to be able to just put the best people in those roles.

PLAYBOY: For better or worse, over the years lots of Fincher projects have been announced and then vanished, including a top-chef project meant to star Keanu Reeves and a Steve Jobs movie with a script by Aaron Sorkin, who won an Oscar for writing *The Social Network*. But the most intriguing was a proposed remake of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.

FINCHER: Dude, it was fucking cool. It was smart and crazy entertaining, with the *Nautilus* crew fighting every kind of gigantic Ray Harryhausen thing. But it also had this rip-tide to it. We were doing Osama bin Nemo, a Middle Eastern prince from a wealthy family who has decided that white imperialism is evil and should be resisted. The notion was to put kids in a place where they'd say, "I agree with everything he espouses. I take issue with his means—or his ends." I really wanted to do it, but in the end I didn't have the stomach lining for it. A lot of people flourish at Hollywood studios because they're fear-based. I have a hard time relating to that, because I feel our biggest responsibility is to give the audience something they haven't seen. For example, Gillian Flynn and I are doing *Utopia* [about fans of a cult graphic novel] for HBO, and that's all I'm focusing on next year.

PLAYBOY: In the end, what do you most want people to know about you?

FINCHER: Studios treat audiences like lemmings, like cattle in a stockyard. I don't want to ask actors or anyone else on a movie to work so hard with me if the studios treat us as though we're making Big Macs. *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* is not a Big Mac. *Gone Girl* is not a Big Mac. This TV show I'm doing about music videos in the 1980s and the crew members who worked on them, or this other show, a *Sunset Boulevard* set in the world of soaps—they're not Big Macs. I don't make Big Macs.



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12624962

SUPER COUPON!

CENTRALPNEUMATIC

**3 GALLON, 100 PSI
OILLESS PANCAKE
AIR COMPRESSOR**

LOT NO. 95275
60637/69486/61615

Item 95275 shown
\$39.99
REG. PRICE \$79.99

SAVE 50%

12561428

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SUPER COUPON!

WINNER

**12" SLIDING COMPOUND
DOUBLE-BEVEL MITER
SAW WITH LASER GUIDE**

LOT NO. 69684/61776/61969/61970

CHICAGO ELECTRIC
Item 69684 shown
\$139.99
REG. PRICE \$299.99

SAVE \$160

12599077

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SUPER COUPON!

PITTSBURGH

LOT NO. 68048/69227/62116

**RAPID PUMP®
3 TON
HEAVY DUTY
STEEL FLOOR JACK**

Item 68048 shown
\$74.99
REG. PRICE \$159.99

SAVE \$85

12551926

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SUPER COUPON!

**AUTO-DARKENING
WELDING HELMET WITH
BLUE FLAME DESIGN**

LOT NO. 91214/61610

CHICAGO ELECTRIC
Item 91214 shown
\$44.99
REG. PRICE \$54.99

SAVE 50%

12541119

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SUPER COUPON!

**MECHANIC'S SHOP TOWELS
PACK OF 50**

LOT NO. 46163/61878/69649/61837

Item 46163 shown
\$9.99
REG. PRICE \$19.99

SAVE 50%

12540502

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SUPER COUPON!

**76 dB Noise Level
8750 PEAK/
7000 RUNNING WATTS
13 HP (420 CC)
GAS GENERATORS**

LOT NO. 68530/69671
LOT NO. 68525/69677
CALIFORNIA ONLY

Item 68525 shown
\$529.99
REG. PRICE \$699.99

SAVE \$170

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**STEP STOOL/
WORKING PLATFORM**

LOT NO. 66911

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\$22.99
REG. PRICE \$34.99

350 lb. Capacity

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SUPER COUPON!

**US GENERAL PRO
26" 16 DRAWER
ROLLER CABINET**

LOT NO. 67831/61609

Item 67831 shown
\$319.99
REG. PRICE \$368.99

SAVE \$180

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SUPER COUPON!

**16 OZ. HAMMERS
WITH FIBERGLASS
HANDLE**

PITTSBURGH

LOT NO. 47872
69006/60715/60714

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\$2.99
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SUPER COUPON!

**10 FT. x 17 FT.
PORTABLE
GARAGE**

LOT NO. 69039
68217/60721/62286

Item 69039 shown
\$179.99
REG. PRICE \$299.99

SAVE \$120

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SUPER COUPON!

**18 VOLT CORDLESS
3/8" DRILL/DRIVER
WITH KEYLESS CHUCK**

LOT NO. 68239/69651

Item 68239 shown
\$15.99
REG. PRICE \$34.99

SAVE 54%

12623972

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SUPER COUPON!

**45 WATT SOLAR
PANEL KIT**

LOT NO. 68751
62443

Item 68751 shown
\$149.99
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SAVE \$130

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FAMILY MATTERS

**IRYNA IVANOVA
WORRIES ABOUT LOVED
ONES IN CRIMEA**

As international ambassadors of the good life, PLAYBOY and our Playmates reach all areas of the globe, including those roiled by conflict. Miss August 2011 Iryna Ivanova was born and raised in Ukraine and emigrated to the U.S. as a teenager, but she still has family in Crimea, the territory at the center of a violent dispute. "I Skype my family every day to make sure they are safe," Iryna says half a world away from her hometown of Feodosia. "I tried to visit in February but was turned away, as my family is right in the middle of the unrest. It is very scary. I don't want something awful to happen to my friends and family." Iryna, whose day job is as a Russian-English interpreter, also models and works as a cage girl for the World Fighting Federation in Phoenix, her current home. "Being around violence like boxing or mixed martial arts, you are reminded how fragile life is," she says. "The fine line is that competitive blood sports are controlled violence by professionals who know limits and are supervised by referees and doctors."

PLAYMATE NEWS

EXTREME SWEETS

• Inspired by her grandmother Jo's recipes, Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens launched her new business, Infamous Family Fudge. From Mexican dark chocolate to Butterfinger to rocky road, Carrie has updated fudge flavors for the modern set. "Everyone advised me not to use the word *infamous*," she says. "But I thought, Fudge is a decadent pleasure. It's tempting, and let's face it, I am not Mrs. Fields. I am Miss June 1997. Bring on the naughty!"



Social Shutterfly

Polls say only eight percent of Americans go to bed naked. Luckily for us, Kassie Lyn Logsdon (@Miss KassieLyn) is in that minority.

Girl Talk

■ The **Playmate Dancers** attended a post-ESPY awards party hosted by Evander Holyfield and Celebrity Sweat, the company that distributes the dancers' *Bunny Bootcamp* workout DVD.

■ PMOY 2008 **Jayde Nicole** looked as stunning as ever as she attended a Save Our Sea event aimed at preserving California's Salton Sea.

■ Miss March 2009 **Jennifer Pershing** is having quite the year. In January she gave birth to son Aiden, and in June she married lucky Tom Halpin. Serving as bridesmaids were Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill and Miss January 2010 **Jaime Edmondson**, two of Jenn's Playmate Bunny House roommates.



Grateful to Give Back

"I'm doing this because I'm proud and thankful to be living," says Miss December 1982 Charlotte Kemp about launching Cancer BelowtheWaist.com. Kemp, a cervical-cancer survivor, plans to sell pieces created by friends, including Playmate sisters, online. A portion of the proceeds will be donated to clinics to support "below the waist" testing for cancer.



PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Fifteen years ago this month an Oregon State University graduate posed as our Centerfold. Miss October 1999 JODI ANN PATERSON would become PMOY 2000, Mrs. Michael Andretti and the "Super Hot Giant Alien" in *Dude, Where's My Car?*



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WAKING UP WITH ANITA SIKORSKA.



BRIAN SCHWEITZER'S PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE.



MAN'S BEST FRIEND?



LEGIONS OF GAMERS PACK THE STAPLES CENTER FOR THE 2013 LEAGUE OF LEGENDS CHAMPIONSHIP.

POLITICAL GEYSER—THE LAST TIME A NOTABLE POLITICIAN SHOT OUT OF MONTANA WAS, WELL, NEVER. **BRIAN SCHWEITZER** WANTS TO CHANGE THAT. THE FORMER GOVERNOR IS A RISING STAR IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, AND HE CARRIES A BRANDING IRON INSTEAD OF A BIG STICK. **JEFF GREENFIELD** VISITS THE AFFABLE POPULIST FOR AN OFF-THE-CUFF *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, IN WHICH SCHWEITZER RAILS AGAINST REPUBLICAN CORPORATISTS, AMERICA'S MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX AND OBAMA'S FALSE PROMISES. HILLARY SHOULD WATCH HER BACK.

WINNERS, LOSERS AND LEGENDS—EVERY GENERATION REDEFINES THE AMERICAN SPORTS HERO; COULD IT BE VIDEO GAMERS' MOMENT? *LEAGUE OF LEGENDS*, AN ONLINE ROLE-PLAYING GAME, PITS CHAMPIONS AGAINST EACH OTHER. LAST YEAR THE TOURNEY ATTRACTED AN ONLINE VIEWERSHIP OF 32 MILLION. ADD IN A MILLION-DOLLAR GRAND PRIZE AND COMPETITIVE GAMING MAY JUST BECOME AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE PASTIME. **HAROLD GOLDBERG** INTRODUCES THE MAJOR PLAYERS.

BACHELOR PARTY—IN *20Q*, **DAVID WALTON**, WHO PLAYS THE MISGUIDED MAN-CHILD AND RELUCTANT FATHER FIGURE ON TV'S BREAKOUT COMEDY *ABOUT A BOY*, ENGAGES IN SOME ADULT-FRIENDLY CHATTER WITH **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**, INCLUDING WHAT HE LEARNED ABOUT COMEDY FROM JESUS AND HOW A TALL GUY (HE'S SIX-FOOT-FOUR) WOOS WOMEN.

TROUBLESHOOTING—A MAN DIES 10 YEARS AFTER BEING SHOT WHEN A BULLET DISLODGES FROM HIS SPINE. LAPD VET HARRY BOSCH IS TASKED WITH FINDING THE GUNMAN, BUT CAN HE LINK A FRESH BODY WITH STALE CLUES? AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM **MICHAEL CONNELLY**'S NEW NOVEL, *THE BURNING ROOM*.

TOP DOG—SURE, YOUR PUG'S SIT-AND-STAY TRICK IS CUTE, BUT CONSIDER CAIRO, THE BELGIAN MALINOIS WHOSE ATTUNED ANIMAL INSTINCT HELPED U.S. NAVY SEALS HUNT DOWN OSAMA BIN LADEN. CAIRO REPRESENTS AN ELITE CLASS OF HIGHLY SOUGHT AFTER, HIGHLY TRAINED CANINES THAT SOLDIERS, CELEBRITIES AND EVEN COKE DEALERS PAY TOP DOLLAR TO HAVE AT THEIR SIDES. **ADAM SKOLNICK** GOES TO SCHOOL WITH THE TRAINERS BEHIND A BREED THAT DOES FAR MORE THAN SEARCH FOR KIDS WHO'VE FALLEN DOWN WELLS.

BY THE BOOK—*PLAYBOY*, ALWAYS A MASTER OF STYLE AND SUBSTANCE, OFFERS THE ULTIMATE HOW-TO, WITH LESSONS ON SARTORIAL SPENDING, VINOUS DRINKING AND ALL-AROUND BETTER LIVING. UPGRADING YOUR LIFE HAS NEVER SOUNDED SO NECESSARY.

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GOT AWAY**

back issues, now for sale on

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Morgan Silver Ingot Ring

Showcases a custom-crafted, 99.9% pure silver ingot inspired by the
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Onyx setting with genuine 24K-gold plating



Actual Size

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Please Respond Promptly

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Name (Please Print Clearly)

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\$9.00 shipping and service per item. Please allow 4-6 weeks after initial payment
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Silver has long been treasured for its beauty, rarity, and enduring value. Soaring prices prompted the U.S. and most other countries to end mintage of circulating silver coins. This has led to unprecedented demand for treasures like the Morgan Silver Dollar.

Now *The Morgan Silver Ingot Ring* from The Bradford Exchange Mint recaptures the Morgan's silver allure in a first-ever wearable treasure. The centerpiece of our exclusive ring showcases a 99.9% pure silver ingot weighing a full gram. Recapturing the Morgan's Eagle reverse design, it's a piece of American history any man would be proud to wear!

A Hand-Crafted Jewelry Exclusive

Expertly crafted, the ingot is embedded within a lavish onyx setting, and gleams with genuine 24K-gold plated accents. The side shanks recall the Morgan's classic Liberty obverse and Eagle reverse designs, enhanced with 24K-gold plating. Engraved inside are the words, "Morgan Silver Ingot, The King of American Silver."

A superb value ... a shining opportunity.

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Centerpiece recalls the Morgan's classic Eagle reverse designs



Sides recall the Morgan's classic Liberty obverse and Eagle reverse designs

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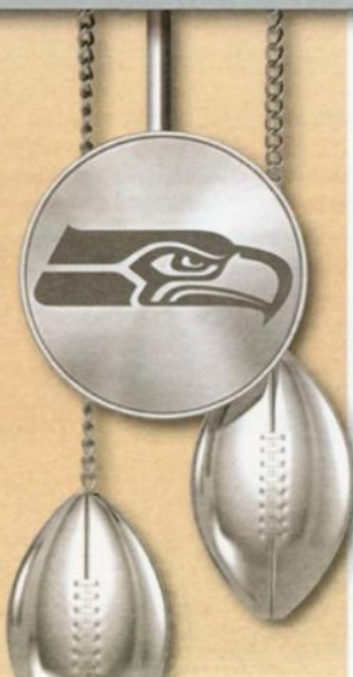
On the hour, the doors swing open and the sound of chirping and a roaring crowd accompanies the appearance of a classic cuckoo bird wearing a team helmet



Shown much smaller than actual size of 21" tall by 4" deep including hanging pendulum and weights.

Requires two "C" batteries and one "AA" battery, not included.

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|--|---|--|
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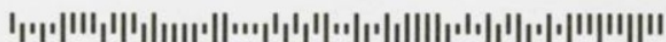
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^{MO.}
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 Plus add'l fees
SELECT™ Package. With 24-mo. agreement. Package rebate requires Auto Bill Pay, valid email address and Paperless Billing. ^

DIRECTV



Double up with DIRECTV

Get **FREE PLAYBOY TV** for 3 months[†] with a **FREE Genie® HD DVR** upgrade!^{^^}

No Equipment to Buy!
 No Start-Up Costs!

~~\$29.99~~
^{MO.}
 For 12 Months
 Plus add'l fees
ONLY \$24.99
SELECT™ Package

OUR BEST VALUE.

- ✓ **OVER 130 Channels**
- ✓ **Local channels included!**
 in over 99% of the U.S.

FREE FOR 3 MONTHS

HBO + SHOWTIME + CINEMAX

PLUS **Playboy TV**
 For 3 Months
 Ask how.

~~\$34.99~~
^{MO.}
 For 12 Months
 Plus add'l fees
ONLY \$29.99
ENTERTAINMENT Package

OUR BEST VALUE WITH SPORTS.

- ✓ **OVER 140 Channels**
- ✓ **Local channels included!**
 in over 99% of the U.S.

FREE FOR 3 MONTHS

HBO + SHOWTIME + CINEMAX

PLUS **Playboy TV**
 For 3 Months
 Ask how.

~~\$39.99~~
^{MO.}
 For 12 Months
 Plus add'l fees
ONLY \$34.99
CHOICE™ Package

TV THAT ALWAYS BEATS CABLE.

- ✓ **OVER 150 Channels**
- ✓ **Local channels included!**
 in over 99% of the U.S.

FREE FOR 3 MONTHS

HBO + SHOWTIME + CINEMAX

2014 SEASON INCLUDED
 at no extra charge!
Every Game. Every Sunday. ONLY ON DIRECTV!
 Out-of-market games only.

PLUS **Playboy TV**
 For 3 Months
 Ask how.

Regional Sports Fee applies in certain markets.

NEW!

With DIRECTV you don't need to see cable wires and boxes. Ask how!

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.™ Package rebate requires Auto Bill Pay, valid email address and Paperless Billing. ^

DIRECTV offers you all this:

#1 in Customer Satisfaction over all other cable and satellite providers

As compared to the largest national cable & satellite TV providers. 2014 American Customer Satisfaction Index.

99% Worry-Free Signal Reliability

Based on a Nationwide Study of representative cities.

100% digital-quality picture and sound

FREE Pro Install
 in up to 4 rooms



Custom installation extra. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

FREE Genie® upgrade**
 for up to 4 rooms

One HD DVR powers your entire home



\$299
 value

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above. Additional & Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required.

Bundle with DIRECTV.
 Don't settle for cable!



Eligibility based on service address. DIRECTV television & qualifying Internet &/or telephone services required. Additional Telco Equipment & Service Fees Apply.†

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.™ Offers valid through 12/10/14. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas.



Upgrade to DIRECTV!
 Call **1-888-530-0669**

All programming and pricing subject to change at any time. *BILL CREDIT/PROGRAMMING OFFER: IF BY THE END OF PROMOTIONAL PRICE PERIOD(S) CUSTOMER DOES NOT CONTACT DIRECTV TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL AUTOMATICALLY CONTINUE AT THE THEN-PREVAILING RATES. Three free months of 3 premium movie packages with SELECT, ENTERTAINMENT, CHOICE, XTRA and ULTIMATE Packages, a \$120 value. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMING OFFER PER ACCOUNT. Featured package/service names and prices: SELECT \$49.99/mo.; ENTERTAINMENT \$57.99/mo.; CHOICE \$66.99/mo. In certain markets, a Regional Sports fee of up to \$3.63/mo. will be assessed with CHOICE Package or above and MAS ULTRA Package or above. Prices include the following instant bill credits for 12 months with enrollment in Auto Bill Pay, Paperless Billing and valid e-mail address at point of sale: \$25 for SELECT Package, \$28 for ENTERTAINMENT Package and \$32 for CHOICE Package. **2014 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER: Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's service address) broadcast on FOX and CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device location. Local broadcasts are subject to blackout rules. Other conditions apply. 2014 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$239.94. 2014 NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full-season retail price is \$329.94. Customers activating the CHOICE Package or above or the MAS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the 2014 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2014 season. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season. To renew NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2014 season. Subscription cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers. ***24-MONTH AGREEMENT: EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH. Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming package (\$29.99/mo. or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver fee (\$15/mo.) required for all HD DVRs. TiVo service fee (\$5/mo.) required for TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. There is a fee of \$6/mo. for each receiver and/or Genie Mini/DIRECTV Ready TV/Device on your account. NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF \$150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT IS LEASED (EXCLUDING GENIE/GO DEVICE) AND MUST BE RETURNED TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com/legal OR CALL 1-800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS. **GENIE HD DVR UPGRADE OFFER: Includes instant rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to 3 Genie Minis (excluding model C41W) with activation of the SELECT Package or above; OPTIMO MAS Package or above; or any qualifying international service bundle, which shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package. A \$99 fee applies for Wireless Genie Mini (model C41W) upgrade. Whole-Home HD DVR functionality requires a Genie HD DVR connected to one television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s) or DIRECTV Ready TV/Device in each additional room. Limit of three remote viewings per Genie HD DVR at a time. Visit directv.com/genie for complete details. INSTALLATION: Standard professional installation in up to four rooms only. Custom installation extra. †PLAYBOY TV PROGRAMMING OFFER: Upon request customer will receive Free Playboy TV for three months. In the fourth month service continues automatically at \$15.99/month unless customer calls to cancel. ADULT PROGRAMMING: Billing is discreet. Charges will not include channels or titles on your bill. Adult programming contains explicit sexual content, complete nudity and graphic adult situations. Viewer discretion is advised. Must be 18 years or older to purchase. DIRECTV System has a feature that restricts access to channels. HD equipment required to view programming in HD. 1. Eligibility for local channels based on service address. Not all networks available in all markets. 2. Bundled services requires qualifying TV, Internet and/or telephone services. Internet and/or phone service subject to availability. Service not available in all areas. Eligibility based on service address and phone line. Internet service provided by a preferred DIRECTV provider and billed separately. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions subject to change at any time. Pricing residential. Taxes not included. Receipt of DIRECTV programming subject to DIRECTV Customer Agreement; copy provided at directv.com/legal and in order confirmation. PHOTO CREDIT: Playboy images ©2009 PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY, Playboy TV, Rabbit Head Design, and PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. PHOTOGRAPHY: Josh Ryan. NFL, the NFL Shield design and the NFL SUNDAY TICKET name and logo are registered trademarks of the NFL and its affiliates. ©2014 DIRECTV. DIRECTV and the Cyclone Design logo, SELECT, CHOICE and GENIE are trademarks of DIRECTV, LLC. All other trademarks and service marks are the property of their respective owners.

...y, No Start-Up Costs

...de to DIRECTV!

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...only lease required. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply. Offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through

Jean Paul
GAULTIER
"LE MALE"

